

PARTISAN REVIEW

NOVEMBER-DECEMBER, 1946

PAUL HERZOG

Memoirs of a German Soldier

WILLIAM PHILLIPS

Dostoevsky's Underground Man

JEAN STAFFORD

The Interior Castle

MARY McCARTHY

"The Iceman Cometh"

CLEMENT GREENBERG

On Arthur Koestler

CHARLES BAUDELAIRE

Flaubert as Novelist

Reviews by Eric Bentley, Robert Goldwater, Elizabeth Hardwick, Irving Howe, Delmore Schwartz, and Robert Warshow

Poems by Lawrence Durrell, Henri Michaux, Mark Van Doren, and T. Weiss

THE "LIBERAL" FIFTH COLUMN

A Discussion

50c

Just Published

METAMORPHOSIS

by **FRANZ KAFKA**

Drawings by Leslie Sherman . . . \$2.75



WHEN BOYHOOD DREAMS COME TRUE

by **JAMES T. FARRELL**

Exciting new stories by the author of **STUDS
LONIGAN**, together with a three act play
written in collaboration with Hortense Farrell.

\$2.75

Vanguard

Houghton Mifflin Fellowship Awards

For more than a decade Houghton Mifflin Company has offered two annual literary fellowships, one in fiction and one in non-fiction to new writers for the completion of promising work. Eyre & Spottiswoode, one of the oldest and most distinguished of the British publishing houses, now join them in offering an award for publication in England and the British Empire. All American entries are eligible for the Eyre & Spottiswoode award. It is the hope of the two houses who now associate themselves in this fellowship plan that the winning projects shall receive both the American and the British award, thus giving the opportunity for a unified presentation of that book throughout the English speaking world. However, in the event that the British and American judges fail to agree on a joint award, the fellowships will be awarded individually by each concern. In that event, the manuscript chosen by the American publisher will be guaranteed publication in England, though not as a British award.

The Houghton Mifflin awards are \$2400.00 each. The Eyre & Spottiswoode award is £500. The joint sum to be about \$5000.00. No matter what the award arrangement, these sums are to be one-half outright payments and one-half advance against royalties.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN



COMPANY · PUBLISHERS

HARCOURT, BRACE AND COMPANY

Current fiction

The Bitter Season

By **ROBERT M. COATES**

Through all of his writing, Robert Coates has concerned himself with what exists beneath the surface. In this new novel, he has written the story of a civilian in wartime and has brought all the sensitiveness and adventurousness that mark his work to bear upon the life of a man who is at once individual and universal. \$2.50

The Iron Chain

By **EDWARD NEWHOUSE**

Most of the twenty-one stories in this collection were first published in *The New Yorker*, and their impact as a group derives from the fact that they all deal with people tethered by the iron chain of circumstance forged by the war. \$2.50

Letty Fox HER LUCK

By **CHRISTINA STEAD**

The story of Letty Fox and her wayward luck is the story of young women in these years of change, a mirror of local customs and a satire on marriage relations. \$3.50

PARTISAN REVIEW

VOLUME XIII, No. 5

NOVEMBER-DECEMBER, 1946

FRONTISPIECE

THE INTERIOR CASTLE

CHOLM: HEAPS OF SKULLS

DOSTOEVSKY'S UNDERGROUND MAN

TWO POEMS

THE STRANGER'S TALE

HEADDRESS

REVELATIONS

MADAME BOVARY

THEATER CHRONICLE

Esteban Francés

519 *Jean Stafford*

533 *Paul Herzog*

551 *William Phillips*

562 *Lawrence Durrell*

564 *Mark Van Doren*

565 *T. Weiss*

567 *Henri Michaux*

568 *Charles Baudelaire*

577 *Mary McCarthy*

BOOKS

Koestler's New Novel

Fiction Chronicle

Woofed with Dreams

Sholom Aleichem and his People

The First and Last Question

Bad Thesis, Good Book

Art Notes

580 *Clement Greenberg*

583 *Elizabeth Hardwick*

587 *Robert Warshow*

591 *Irving Howe*

595 *Delmore Schwartz*

596 *Eric Bentley*

599 *Robert Goldwater*

VARIETY

The "Liberal" Fifth Column: A Discussion 602

INDEX TO VOLUME XIII 621

Editors: WILLIAM PHILLIPS, PHILIP RAHV

Associate Editors: WILLIAM BARRETT, DELMORE SCHWARTZ

Managing Editor: CATHARINE CARVER

Business Manager: CARRIE HOFFBERG

PARTISAN REVIEW is published at 45 Astor Place, New York 3, N. Y.

PARTISAN REVIEW is published as a bi-monthly, in January, March, May, July, September, and November. Subscription: \$3 yearly; Canada and other foreign countries, \$3.60. All payments from foreign countries must be made either by U. S. money orders or by checks payable in U. S. currency or \$.75 added for collection charges. Single copy: \$0.50. Outside the U. S.: \$0.60. (Sole distributors of PARTISAN REVIEW in Canada: Jonathan David Company). Manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied by stamped self-addressed envelopes. Copyright November, 1946 by PARTISAN REVIEW. Re-entered as second-class matter September 26, 1946, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879.

CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

JEAN STAFFORD is the author of *Boston Adventure*. Her new novel, *Mountain Lion*, will appear early in 1947.

LAWRENCE DURRELL has published several volumes of poetry. He is British Public Informations Officer in the Dodecanese Islands.

MARK VAN DOREN has just had a new collection of critical essays, *The Noble Voice*, published by Henry Holt.

T. WEISS is the editor of *The Quarterly Review of Literature*.

HENRI MICHAUX is one of the best known of the newer French poets.

MARY MCCARTHY is the author of *The Company She Keeps*, and is now at work on a volume of short stories.

CLEMENT GREENBERG, formerly an editor of PR, is now associate editor of *Commentary*. He is art critic for *The Nation*.

ELIZABETH HARDWICK, whose first novel, *The Ghostly Lover*, was published last year by Harcourt Brace, writes a regular Fiction Chronicle for PR.

ROBERT WARSHOW is an assistant editor of *Commentary*, and has contributed to *The Nation*.

IRVING HOWE is a young writer who has appeared in *Commentary* and in various left-wing publications.

ERIC BENTLEY has published two books, *A Century of Hero-Worship* and *The Playwright as Thinker*. He is now teaching at the University of Minnesota.

ROBERT GOLDWATER teaches art history at Queens College, and is the author of *Primitivism in Modern Painting*.

HEINZ EULAU is on the editorial staff of *The New Republic*.

COMING IN PARTISAN REVIEW:

- During 1947, PARTISAN REVIEW will publish a symposium on The Future of Socialism. The first article, to appear in the January 1947 issue, will be by Sidney Hook, and future contributors will include James Burnham, Granville Hicks, Arthur Koestler, George Orwell, Arthur Schlesinger, Victor Serge, PR's editors, and others to be announced.

- To commemorate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the death of Marcel Proust, PR will publish, late in 1947, a special issue devoted entirely to Proust.

MISS LIBERTY

drawing by Esteban Francés

(Reproductions selected by Frederick J. Kiesler)



The Interior Castle

JEAN STAFFORD

I

PANSY VANNEMAN, injured in an automobile accident, often woke up before dawn when the night noises of the hospital still came, in hushed hurry, through her half-open door. By day, when the nurses talked audibly with the internes, laughed without inhibition, and took no pains to soften their footsteps on the resounding composition floors, the routine of the hospital seemed as bland and commonplace as that of a bank or a factory. But in the dark hours, the whispering and the quickly stilled clatter of glasses and basins, the moans of patients whose morphine was wearing off, the soft squeak of a stretcher as it rolled past in its way from the emergency ward—these suggested agony and death. Thus, on the first morning, Pansy had faltered to consciousness long before daylight and had found herself in a ward from every bed of which, it seemed to her, came the bewildered protest of someone about to die. A caged light burned on the floor beside the bed next to hers. Her neighbor was dying and a priest was administering Extreme Unction. He was stout and elderly and he suffered from asthma so that the struggle of his breathing, so close to her, was the basic pattern and all the other sounds were superimposed upon it. Two middle-aged men in overcoats knelt on the floor beside the high bed. In a foreign tongue, the half-gone woman babbled against the hissing and sighing of the Latin prayers. She played with her rosary as if it were a toy: she tried, and failed, to put it into her mouth.

Pansy felt horror, but she felt no pity. An hour or so later, when the white ceiling lights were turned on and everything—faces, counterpanes, and the hands that groped upon them—was transformed into a uniform gray sordor, the woman was wheeled away in her bed to die somewhere else, in privacy. Pansy did not quite take this in, although she stared for a long time at the new, empty bed that had replaced the other.

The next morning, when she again woke up before the light, this time in a private room, she recalled the woman with such sorrow that she might have been a friend. Simultaneously, she mourned the driver of the taxicab in which she had been injured, for he had died at about noon the day before. She had been told this as she lay on a

stretcher in the corridor, waiting to be taken to the x-ray room; an interne, passing by, had paused and smiled down at her and had said, "Your cab-driver is dead. You were lucky."

Six weeks after the accident, she woke one morning just as daylight was showing on the windows as a murky smear. It was a minute or two before she realized why she was so reluctant to be awake, why her uneasiness amounted almost to alarm. Then she remembered that her nose was to be operated on today. She lay straight and motionless under the seersucker counterpane. Her blood-red eyes in her darned face stared through the window and saw a frozen river and leafless elm trees and a grizzled esplanade where dogs danced on the ends of leashes, their bundled-up owners stumbling after them, half blind with sleepiness and cold. Warm as the hospital room was, it did not prevent Pansy from knowing, as keenly as though she were one of the walkers, how very cold it was outside. Each twig of a nearby tree was stark. Cold red brick buildings nudged the low-lying sky which was pale and inert like a punctured sac.

In six weeks, the scene had varied little: there was promise in the skies neither of sun nor of snow; no red sunsets marked these days. The trees could neither die nor leaf out again. Pansy could not remember another season in her life so constant, when the very minutes themselves were suffused with the winter pallor as they dropped from the moon-faced clock in the corridor. Likewise, her room accomplished no alterations from day to day. On the glass-topped bureau stood two potted plants telegraphed by faraway well-wishers. They did not fade, and if a leaf turned brown and fell, it soon was replaced; so did the blossoms renew themselves. The roots, like the skies and like the bare trees, seemed zealously determined to maintain a status quo. The bedside table, covered every day with a clean white towel, though the one removed was always immaculate, was furnished sparsely with a water glass, a bent drinking tube, a sweating pitcher, and a stack of paper handkerchiefs. There were a few letters in the drawer, a hairbrush, a pencil, and some postal cards on which, from time to time, she wrote brief messages to relatives and friends: "Dr. Nash says that my reflexes are shipshape (*sic*) and Dr. Rivers says the frontal fracture has all but healed and that the occipital is coming along nicely. Dr. Nicholas, the nose doctor, promises to operate as soon as Dr. Rivers gives him the go-ahead sign (*sic*)."

The bed itself was never rumped. Once fretful and now convalescent, Miss Vanneman might have been expected to toss or to

turn the pillows or to unmoor the counterpane; but hour after hour and day after day she lay at full length and would not even suffer the nurses to raise the head-piece of the adjustable bed. So perfect and stubborn was her body's immobility that it was as if the room and the landscape, mortified by the ice, were extensions of herself. Her resolute quiescence and her disinclination to talk, the one seeming somehow to proceed from the other, resembled, so the nurses said, a final coma. And they observed, in pitying indignation, that she might as *well* be dead for all the interest she took in life. Amongst themselves they scolded her for what they thought a moral weakness: an automobile accident, no matter how serious, was not reason enough for anyone to give up the will to live or to be happy. She had not—to come down bluntly to the facts—had the decency to be grateful that it was the driver of the cab and not she who had died. (And how dreadfully the man had died!) She was twenty-five years old and she came from a distant city. These were really the only facts known about her. Evidently she had not been here long, for she had no visitors, a lack which was at first sadly moving to the nurses but which became to them a source of unreasonable annoyance: had anyone the right to live so one-dimensionally? It was impossible to laugh at her, for she said nothing absurd; her demands could not be complained of because they did not exist; she could not be hated for a sharp tongue nor for a supercilious one; she could not be admired for bravery or for wit or for interest in her fellow creatures. She was believed to be a frightful snob.

Pansy, for her part, took a secret and mischievous pleasure in the bewilderment of her attendants and the more they courted her with offers of magazines, cross-word puzzles, and a radio which she could rent from the hospital, the farther she retired from them into herself and into the world which she had created in her long hours here and which no one could ever penetrate nor imagine. Sometimes she did not even answer the nurses' questions; as they rubbed her back with alcohol and steadily discoursed, she was as remote from them as if she were miles away. She did not think that she lived on a higher plane than that of the nurses and the doctors but that she lived on a different one and that at this particular time—this time of exploration and habituation—she had no extra strength to spend on making herself known to them. All she had been before and all the memories she might have brought out to disturb the monotony of, say, the morning bath, and all that the past meant to the future when she would leave the hospital, were of no present consequence to her. Not even

in her thoughts did she employ more than a minimum of memory. And when she did remember, it was in flat pictures, rigorously independent of one another: she saw her thin, poetic mother who grew thinner and more poetic in her canvas deck-chair at Saranac reading *Lalla Rookh*. She saw herself in an inappropriate pink hat drinking iced tea in a garden so oppressive with the smell of phlox that the tea itself tasted of it. She recalled an afternoon in autumn in Vermont when she had heard three dogs' voices in the north woods and she could tell, by the characteristic minor key struck three times at intervals, like bells from several churches, that they had treed something: the eastern sky was pink and the trees on the horizon looked like some eccentric vascular system meticulously drawn on colored paper.

What Pansy thought of all the time was her own brain. Not only the brain as the seat of consciousness, but the physical organ itself which she envisaged, romantically, now as a jewel, now as a flower, now as a light in a glass, now as an envelope of rosy vellum containing other envelopes, one within the other, diminishing infinitely. It was always pink and always fragile, always deeply interior and invaluable. She believed that she had reached the innermost chamber of knowledge and that perhaps her knowledge was the same as the saint's achievement of pure love. It was only convention, she thought, that made one say "sacred heart" and not "sacred brain."

Often, but never articulately, the color pink troubled her and the picture of herself in the wrong hat hung steadfastly before her mind's eye. None of the other girls had worn hats and since autumn had come early that year, they were dressed in green and rusty brown and dark yellow. Poor Pansy wore a white eyelet frock with a lacing of black ribbon around the square neck. When she came through the arch, overhung with bittersweet, and saw that they had not yet heard her, she almost turned back, but Mr. Oliver was there and she was in love with him. She was in love with him though he was ten years older than she and had never shown any interest in her beyond asking her once, quite fatuously but in an intimate voice, if the yodeling of the little boy who peddled clams did not make her wish to visit Switzerland. Actually, there was more to this question than met the eye, for some days later Pansy learned that Mr. Oliver, who was immensely rich, kept an apartment in Geneva. In the garden that day, he spoke to her only once. He said, "My dear, you look exactly like something out of Katherine Mansfield," and immediately turned and within her hearing asked Beatrice Sherburne to dine with him

that night at the Country Club. Afterward, Pansy went down to the sea and threw the beautiful hat onto the full tide and saw it vanish in the wake of a trawler. Thereafter, when she heard the clam boy coming down the road, she locked the door and when the knocking had stopped and her mother called down from her chaise longue, "Who was it, dearie?" she replied, "A salesman."

It was only the fact that the hat had been pink that worried her. The rest of the memory was trivial, for she knew that she could never again love anything as ecstatically as she loved the spirit of Pansy Vanneman, enclosed within her head.

But her study was not without distraction, and she fought two adversaries: pain and Dr. Nicholas. Against Dr. Nicholas, she defended herself valorously and in fear; but pain, the pain, that is, that was independent of his instruments, she sometimes forced upon herself adventurously like a child scaring himself in a graveyard.

Dr. Nicholas greatly admired her crushed and splintered nose which he daily probed and peered at, exclaiming that he had never seen anything like it. His shapely hands ached for their knives; he was impatient with the skull-fracture man's cautious delay. He spoke of "our" nose and said "we" would be a new person when we could breathe again. His own nose, the trademark of his profession, was magnificent. Not even his own brilliant surgery could have improved upon it nor could a first-rate sculptor have duplicated its direct downward line which permitted only the least curvature inward toward the end; nor the delicately rounded lateral declivities; nor the thin-walled, perfectly matched nostrils. Miss Vanneman did not doubt his humaneness nor his talent—he was a celebrated man—but she questioned whether he had imagination. Immediately beyond the prongs of his speculum lay her treasure whose price he, no more than the nurses, could estimate. She believed he could not destroy it, but she feared that he might maim it: might leave a scratch on one of the brilliant facets of the jewel, bruise a petal of the flower, smudge the glass where the light burned, blot the envelopes, and that then she would die or would go mad. While she did not question that in either eventuality her brain would after a time redeem its original impeccability, she did not quite yet wish to enter upon either kind of eternity, for she was not certain that she could carry with her her knowledge as well as its receptacle.

Blunderer that he was, Dr. Nicholas was an honorable enemy, not like the demon, pain, which skulked in a thousand guises within her head, and which often she recklessly willed to attack her and

then drove back in terror. After the rout, sweat streamed from her face and soaked the neck of the coarse hospital shirt. To be sure, it came usually of its own accord, running like a wild fire through all the convolutions to fill with flame the small sockets and ravines and then, at last, to withdraw, leaving behind a throbbing and an echo. On these occasions, she was as helpless as a tree in a wind. But at the other times when, by closing her eyes and rolling up the eyeballs in such a way that she fancied she looked directly on the place where her brain was, the pain woke sluggishly and came toward her at a snail's pace. Then, bit by bit, it gained speed. Sometimes it faltered back, subsided altogether, and then it rushed like a tidal wave driven by a hurricane, lashing and roaring until she lifted her hands from the counterpane, crushed her broken teeth into her swollen lip, stared in panic at the soothing walls with her ruby eyes, stretched out her legs until she felt their bones must snap. Each cove, each narrow inlet, every living bay was flooded and the frail brain, a little hat-shaped boat, was washed from its mooring and set adrift. The skull was as vast as the world and the brain was as small as a seashell.

Then came calm weather and the safe journey home. She kept vigil for a while, though, and did not close her eyes, but gazing peacefully at the trees, conceived of the pain as the guardian of her treasure who would not let her see it; that was why she was handled so savagely whenever she turned her eyes inward. Once this watch was interrupted: by chance she looked into the corridor and saw a shaggy mop slink past the door, followed by a senile porter. A pair of ancient eyes, as rheumy as an old dog's, stared uncritically in at her and the toothless mouth formed a brutish word. She was so surprised that she immediately closed her eyes to shut out the shape of the word and the pain dug up the unmapped regions of her head with mattocks, ludicrously huge. It was the familiar pain, but this time, even as she endured it, she observed with detachment that its effect upon her was less than that of its contents, the by-products, for example, of temporal confusion and the bizarre misapplication of the style of one sensation to another. At the moment, for example, although her brain reiterated to her that *it* was being assailed, she was stroking her right wrist with her left hand as though to assuage the ache, long since dispelled, of the sprain in the joint. Some minutes after she had opened her eyes and left off soothing her wrist, she lay rigid experiencing the sequel to the pain, an ideal terror. For, as before on several occasions, she was overwhelmed with the knowledge that the pain had been consummated in the vessel of her mind and for the moment the

vessel was unbeautiful: she thought, quailing, of those plastic folds as palpable as the fingers of locked hands containing in their very cells, their fissures, their repulsive hemispheres, the mind, the soul, the inscrutable intelligence.

The porter, then, like the pink hat and like her mother and the hounds' voices, loitered with her.

II

Dr. Nicholas came at nine o'clock to prepare her for the operation. With him came an entourage of white-frocted acolytes, and one of them wheeled in a wagon on which lay knives and scissors and pincers, cans of swabs and gauze. In the midst of these was a bowl of liquid whose rich purple color made it seem strange like the brew of an alchemist.

"All set?" he asked her, smiling. "A little nervous, what? I don't blame you. I've often said I'd rather lose an arm than have a sub-mucuous resection." Pansy thought for a moment he was going to touch his nose. His approach to her was roundabout. He moved through the yellow light shed by the globe in the ceiling which gave his forehead a liquid gloss; he paused by the bureau and touched a blossom of the cyclamen; he looked out the window and said, to no one and to all, "I couldn't start my car this morning. Came in a cab." Then he came forward. As he came, he removed a speculum from the pocket of his short-sleeved coat and like a cat, inquiring of the nature of a surface with its paws, he put out his hand toward her and drew it back, gently murmuring, "You must not be afraid, my dear. There is no danger, you know. Do you think for a minute I would operate if there were?"

Dr. Nicholas, young, brilliant, and handsome, was an aristocrat, a husband, a father, a clubman, a Christian, a kind counselor, and a trustee of his school alumni association. Like many of the medical profession, even those whose speciality was centered on the organ of the basest sense, he interested himself in the psychology of his patients: in several instances, for example, he had found that severe attacks of sinusitis were coincident with emotional crises. Miss Vanneman more than ordinarily captured his fancy since her skull had been fractured and her behavior throughout had been so extraordinary that he felt he was observing at first hand some of the results of shock, that incommensurable element, which frequently were too subtle to see. There was, for example, the matter of her complete passivity during

a lumbar puncture, reports of which were written down in her history and were enlarged upon for him by Dr. Rivers' interne who had been in charge. Except for a tremor in her throat and a deepening of pallor, there were no signs at all that she was aware of what was happening to her. She made no sound, did not close her eyes nor clench her fists. She had had several punctures; her only reaction had been to the very first one, the morning after she had been brought in. When the interne explained to her that he was going to drain off cerebrospinal fluid which was pressing against her brain, she exclaimed, "My God!" but it was not an exclamation of fear. The young man had been unable to name what it was he had heard in her voice; he could only say that it had not been fear as he had observed it in other patients.

He wondered about her. There was no way of guessing whether she had always had a nature of so tolerant and undemanding a complexion. It gave him a melancholy pleasure to think that before her accident she had been high-spirited and loquacious; he was moved to think that perhaps she had been a beauty and that when she had first seen her face in the looking glass she had lost all joy in herself. It was very difficult to tell what the face had been, for it was so bruised and swollen, so hacked-up and lopsided. The black stitches the length of the nose, across the saddle, across the cheekbone, showed that there would be unsightly scars. He had ventured once to give her the name of a plastic surgeon but she had only replied with a vague, refusing smile. He had hoisted a manly shoulder and said, "You're the doctor."

Much as he pondered, coming to no conclusions, about what went on inside that pitiable skull, he was, of course, far more interested in the nose, deranged so badly that it would require his topmost skill to restore its functions to it. He would be obliged not only to make a submucuous resection, a simple run-of-the-mill operation, but to remove the vomer, always a delicate task but further complicated in this case by the proximity of the bone to the frontal fracture line which conceivably was not entirely closed. If it were not and he operated too soon and if a cold germ then found its way into the opening, his patient would be carried off by meningitis in the twinkling of an eye. He wondered if she knew in what potential danger she lay; he desired to assure her that he had brought his craft to its nearest perfection and that she had nothing to fear of him, but feeling that she was perhaps both ignorant and unimaginative and that such consolation would create a fear rather than dispel one, he held his tongue

and came nearer to the bed.

Watching him, Pansy could already feel the prongs of his pliers opening her nostrils for the insertion of his fine probers. The pain he caused her with his instruments was of a different kind from that she felt unaided: it was a naked, clean, and vivid pain which made her faint and ill and made her wish to die. Once she had fainted as he ruthlessly explored and after she was brought around, he continued until he had finished his investigation. The memory of this outrage had afterward several times made her cry.

This morning she looked at him and listened to him with hatred. Fixing her eyes upon the middle of his high, protuberant brow, she imagined the clutter behind it and she despised its obtuse imperfection, the reason's oblique comprehension of itself. In his bland unawareness, this nobody, this nose-bigot, was about to play with fire and she wished him ill.

He said, "I can't blame you. No, I expect you're not looking forward to our little party. But I expect you'll be glad to be able to breathe again."

He stationed his lieutenants. The interne stood opposite him on the left side of the bed. The surgical nurse wheeled the wagon within easy reach of his hands and stood beside it. Another nurse stood at the foot of the bed. A third drew the shades at the windows and attached the blinding light which shone down on the patient hotly, and then she left the room, softly closing the door. Pansy stared at the silver ribbon tied in a great bow round the green crepe paper of one of the flower pots. It made her realize for the first time that one of the days she had lain here had been Christmas, but she had no time to consider this strange and thrilling fact, for Dr. Nicholas was genially explaining his anaesthetic. He would soak packs of gauze in the purple fluid, a cocaine solution, and he would place them then in her nostrils, leaving them there for an hour. He warned her that the packing would be disagreeable (he did not say "painful") but that it would be well worth a few minutes of discomfort not to be in the least sick after the operation. He asked her if she were ready and when she nodded her head, he adjusted the mirror on his forehead and began.

At the first touch of his speculum, Pansy's fingers mechanically bent to the palms of her hands and she stiffened. He said, "A pack, Miss Kennedy," and Pansy closed her eyes. There was a rush of plunging pain as he drove the sodden gobbet of gauze high up into her nose and something bitter burned in her throat so that she retched.

The doctor paused a moment and the surgical nurse wiped her mouth. He returned to her with another pack, pushing it with his bodkin doggedly until it lodged against the first. Stop! Stop! cried all her nerves, wailing along the surface of her skin. The coats that covered them were torn off and they shuddered like naked people screaming, Stop! Stop! But Dr. Nicholas did not hear. Time and again he came back with a fresh pack and did not pause at all until one nostril was finished. She opened her eyes and saw him wipe the sweat off his forehead and saw the dark interne bending over her, fascinated. Miss Kennedy bathed her temples in ice water and Dr. Nicholas said, "There. It won't be much longer. I'll tell them to send you some coffee, though I'm afraid you won't be able to taste it. Ever drink coffee with chicory in it? I have no use for it."

She snatched at his irrelevancy and, though she had never tasted chicory, she said severely, "I love it."

Dr. Nicholas chuckled. "De gustibus. Ready? A pack, Miss Kennedy."

The second nostril was harder to pack since the other side was now distended and the passage was anyhow much narrower, as narrow, he had once remarked, as that in the nose of an infant. In such pain as passed all language and even the farthest fetched analogies, she turned her eyes inward thinking that under the obscuring cloak of the surgeon's pain, she could see her brain without the knowledge of its keeper. But Dr. Nicholas and his aides would give her no peace. They surrounded her with their murmuring and their foot-shuffling and the rustling of their starched uniforms, and her eyelids continually flew back in embarrassment and mistrust. She was claimed entirely by this present, meaningless pain and suddenly and sharply, she forgot what she had meant to do. She was aware of nothing but her ascent to the summit of something; what it was she did not know, whether it was a tower or a peak or Jacob's ladder. Now she was an abstract word, now she was a theorem of geometry, now she was a kite flying, a top spinning, a prism flashing, a kaleidoscope turning.

But none of the others in the room could see inside and when the surgeon was finished, the nurse at the foot of the bed said, "Now you must take a look in the mirror. It's simply too comical." And they all laughed intimately like old, fast friends. She smiled politely and looked at her reflection: over the gruesomely fattened snout, her scarlet eyes stared in fixed reproach upon the upturned lips, grey with bruises. But even in its smile of betrayal, the mouth itself was

puzzled: it reminded her that something had been left behind, but she could not recall what it was. She was hollowed out and was as dry as a white bone.

III

They strapped her ankles to the operating table and put leather nooses round her wrists. Over her head was a mirror with a thousand facets in which she saw a thousand travesties of her face. At her right side was the table, shrouded in white, where lay the glittering blades of the many knives, thrusting out fitful rays of light. All the cloth was frosty; everything was white or silver and as cold as snow. Dr. Nicholas, a tall snowman with silver eyes and silver fingernails, came into the room soundlessly for he walked on layers and layers of snow which deadened his footsteps; behind him came the interne, a smaller snowman, less impressively proportioned. At the foot of the table, a snow figure put her frozen hands upon Pansy's helpless feet. The doctor plucked the packs from the cold, numb nose. His laugh was like a cry on a bitter, still night: "I will show you now," he called across the expanse of snow, "that you can feel nothing." The pincers bit at nothing, snapped at the air and cracked a nerveless icicle. Pansy called back and heard her own voice echo: "I feel nothing."

Here the walls were gray, not tan. Suddenly the face of the nurse at the foot of the table broke apart and Pansy first thought it was in grief. But it was a smile and she said, "Did you enjoy your coffee?" Down the gray corridors of the maze, the words rippled, ran like mice, birds, broken beads: Did you enjoy your coffee? your coffee? your coffee? Similarly once in another room that also had gray walls, the same voice had said, "Shall I give her some whiskey?" She was overcome with gratitude that this young woman (how pretty she was with her white hair and her white face and her china-blue eyes!) had been with her that first night and was with her now.

In the great stillness of the winter, the operation began. The knives carved snow. Pansy was happy. She had been given a hypodermic just before they came to fetch her and she would have gone to sleep had she not enjoyed so much this trickery of Dr. Nicholas' whom now she tenderly loved.

There was a clock in the operating room and from time to time she looked at it. An hour passed. The snowman's face was melting; drops of water hung from his fine nose, but his silver eyes were as

bright as ever. Her love was returned, she knew: he loved her nose exactly as she loved his knives. She looked at her face in the domed mirror and saw how the blood had streaked her lily-white cheeks and had stained her shroud. She returned to the private song: Did you enjoy your coffee? your coffee?

At the half-hour, a murmur, anguine and slumbrous, came to her and only when she had repeated the words twice did they engrave their meaning upon her. Dr. Nicholas said, "Stand back now, nurse. I'm at this girl's brain and I don't want my elbow jogged." Instantly Pansy was alive. Her strapped ankles arched angrily; her wrists strained against their bracelets. She jerked her head and she felt the pain flare; she had made the knife slip.

"Be still!" cried the surgeon. "Be quiet, please!"

He had made her remember what it was she had lost when he had rammed his gauze into her nose: she bustled like a housewife to shut the door. She thought, I must hurry before the robbers come. It would be like the time Mother left the cellar door open and the robber came and took, of all things, the terrarium.

Dr. Nicholas was whispering to her. He said, in the voice of a lover, "If you can stand it five minutes more, I can perform the second operation now and you won't have to go through this again. What do you say?"

She did not reply. It took her several seconds to remember why it was her mother had set such store by the terrarium and then it came to her that the bishop's widow had brought her an herb from Palestine to put in it.

The interne said, "You don't want to have your nose packed again, do you?"

The surgical nurse said, "She's a good patient, isn't she, sir?"

"Never had a better," replied Dr. Nicholas. "But don't call me 'sir.' You must be a Canadian to call me 'sir.'"

The nurse at the foot of the bed said, "I'll order some more coffee for you."

"How about it, Miss Vanneman?" said the doctor. "Shall I go ahead?"

She debated. Once she had finally fled the hospital and fled Dr. Nicholas, nothing could compel her to come back. Still, she knew that the time would come when she could no longer live in seclusion, she must go into the world again and must be equipped to live in it; she banally acknowledged that she must be able to breathe. And finally, though the world to which she would return remained

unreal, she gave the surgeon her permission.

He had now to penetrate regions that were not anaesthetized and this he told her frankly, but he said that there was no danger at all. He apologized for the slip of the tongue he had made: in point of fact, he had not been near her brain, it was only a figure of speech. He began. The knives ground and carved and curried and scoured the wounds they made; the scissors clipped hard gristle and the scalpels chipped off bone. It was as if a tangle of tiny nerves were being cut dexterously, one by one; the pain writhed spirally and came to her who was a pink bird and sat on the top of a cone. The pain was a pyramid made of a diamond; it was an intense light; it was the hottest fire, the coldest chill, the highest peak, the fastest force, the furthest reach, the newest time. It possessed nothing of her but its one infinitesimal scene: beyond the screen as thin as gossamer, the brain trembled for its life, hearing the knives hunting like wolves outside, sniffing and snapping. Mercy! Mercy! cried the scalped nerves.

At last, miraculously, she turned her eyes inward tranquilly. Dr. Nicholas had said, "The worst is over. I am going to work on the floor of your nose," and at his signal she closed her eyes and this time and this time alone, she saw her brain lying in a shell-pink satin case. It was a pink pearl, no bigger than a needle's eye, but it was so beautiful and so pure that its smallness made no difference. Anyhow, as she watched, it grew. It grew larger and larger until it was an enormous bubble that contained the surgeon and the whole room within its rosy luster. In a long ago summer, she had often been absorbed by the spectacle of flocks of yellow birds that visited a cedar tree and she remembered that everything that summer had been some shade of yellow. One year of childhood, her mother had frequently taken her to have tea with an aged schoolmistress upon whose mantelpiece there was a herd of ivory elephants; that had been the white year. There was a green spring when early in April she had seen a grass snake on a boulder, but the very summer that followed was violet, for vetch took her mother's garden. She saw a swatch of blue tulle lying in a raffia basket on the front porch of Uncle Marion's brown house. Never before had the world been pink, whatever else it had been. Or had it been, one other time? She could not be sure and she did not care. Of one thing she was certain: never had the world enclosed her before and never had the quiet been so smooth.

For only a moment the busybodies left her to her ecstasy and then, impatient and gossiping, they forced their way inside, slashed at

her resisting trance with questions and congratulations, with statements of fact and jokes. "Later," she said to them dumbly. "Later on, perhaps. I am busy now." But their voices would not go away. They touched her, too, washing her face with cloths so cold they stung, stroking her wrists with firm, antiseptic fingers. The surgeon, squeezing her arm with avuncular pride, said, "Good girl," as if she were a bright dog that had retrieved a bone. Her silent mind abused him: "You are a thief," it said, "you are a heartless vagabond and you should be put to death." But he was leaving, adjusting his coat with an air of vainglory, and the interne, abject with admiration, followed him from the operating room smiling like a silly boy.

Shortly after they took her back to her room, the weather changed, not for the better. Momentarily the sun emerged from its concealing murk, but in a few minutes the snow came with a wind that promised a blizzard. There was great pain, but since it could not serve her, she rejected it and she lay as if in a hammock in a pause of bitterness. She closed her eyes, shutting herself up within her treasureless head.

Cholm: Heaps of Skulls*

PAUL HERZOG

An answer to the question: Did we commit these crimes? (Point 3D of the indictment of the war criminals: Murder and maltreatment of prisoners of war.)

General Lahousen at the Nürnberg trials: "You have ravaged Poland like the Vandals, you have shot by the millions or allowed to die of hunger the Russian prisoners who were to be treated, according to the High Command, not as soldiers but as 'ideological enemies.'"

I

THE PUBLISHED TEXT of the charges against the war criminals contains in point 3D an indictment of German officers, soldiers, government officials, and party functionaries, as having committed crimes against the person and life of prisoners of war. The course of the Nürnberg war-criminal trials itself has the effect of keeping the indictment always before the public. Objections which might be raised from the German side against the textual content and theme of the Nürnberg trials in general are: that the war criminals did not commit such crimes, that the text of the indictment is false, that the formulation of the indictment is tendencious and this whole affair nothing more than anti-German propaganda. Finally it all appears to be a consolidated attack upon the feelings of innocence of the German people, in whom the conquerors wish by every means to implant, with the object of physical and moral emasculation, an undeserved consciousness of guilt.

This objection to the trials, so widespread, has not been refuted by the appearance of scattered self-sponsored writings and testimony from concentration camps, penitentiaries, and prisons. Because a few

* The author of this article is a writer who served in the German army from 1941 to April, 1945, when he was captured by the French, after being transferred to the western front in 1943. So far as we know, this is the first document of its kind to appear in this country. Thanks are due to the editors of *Die Wandlung* for permission to translate this article.—*The Editors.*

such documents appeared immediately after Hitler's coming to power, it has been believed by many Germans that they are all pure sensation-mongering. Also it must be supposed that the majority of German soldiers who could contribute factual proof against the war criminals are either dead or prisoners of war; again, that a not inconsiderable number of them dare not speak.

The question arises as to how far the exposure of war crimes is to remain solely the business of Germany's conquerors or to what extent it can be made a basis for the enlightenment of all men. It is Germany's task too and she must today take her stand and demand for herself and other nations a clarification of the facts of the case, taking into account the past events of German history and all that lies behind us. The roots of the crimes which are now the subject of summary judgment lie in those ideas of power that appeared in the nineteenth century, and then not, to be sure, in Germany alone. These we cannot discuss here. The question which seems far more serious is whether by discussion of this theme we become guilty of a breach of solidarity, a solidarity that just now has become a most urgent necessity among the German people; a feeling of common unity and a common front are surely a pressing national need. Upon this point people are divided, for it is indeed not an easy one to grasp; but is it really necessary to show that a nation does not renew itself by means of a false feeling of solidarity, but only through a humanist and Christian consciousness of duty? It ought to be clear enough to everyone, that Germany today possesses no other weapons than those of the spirit and the mind. All her material possessions, including a fantastically great war machine, are lost. Above all, Germany can only go on existing and develop in herself the power to make history through self-renewal.

Thus if a German should be called on to bear witness, he will not be fouling his nest but cleaning it. His testimony will become a profession of responsibility toward all. Only in this way can a man permit himself to probe the wound. Thus, simply to prevent a false historical legend from arising and to pave the way for future co-operation with all nations, it is necessary to break the silence and allow the facts to become known.

II

After these fundamental inquiries another question arises which must be clarified before we can approach our theme: namely, how

much the individual should speak up of his own accord—in order, as it were, to accompany with his falsetto the orchestra which at Nürnberg is now only too evidently drowning his little voice with many instruments.

Could not an answer be given to this: What do you as an individual want? Your contribution is in truth so unimportant that you have definitely not been invited to pass judgment. With that we do not quarrel. What we are concerned with here is simply a profession of the truth which today once more has to fight for its existence. Hard truths need no embellishments. We Germans have from now on to see nothing but the truth. The more simply and clearly we look at it the better for us. Then we can also draw the line which separates the past on one side from the future on the other. The reproach leveled against Hitler today, partly by his own followers, is his lack of realism, his cult of the visionary. Does not our fate as a nation, our character as a people, mean more to us than the fate of a regime? We cannot draw the line or begin anew without bringing ourselves and our whole nation into question, philosophically speaking. In a word: Is Germany so corrupted that she must face destruction, or are there forces within her which can pull her through this crisis?

I am aware that every testimony is subjective. This subjectivity must be taken into account and it is left to the reader to reckon with it. But perhaps the reader will come to believe that subjectivity can sometimes rise above its limitations. I would like to put something straight in the minds of men, I would like to do away with prejudice, I would like out of the mute self-accusation of many Germans to make a more effective one—from manliness, perhaps because to me this mumbling and whispering and German-national-conventicle psychology seems silly, useless, effeminate, and abysmal.

And which policy do you favor? they will ask. One only and precisely this: to sound a warning against a certain tendency, still inarticulate, to make a new excursion into the blue which, instead of making Germany free, can but deliver her once more into the hands of an adventurer. And now to the description of what I have experienced.

III

The railway cars are rolling eastward. The east is fear, the east is the unknown, but one thing is certain, it will in no way remind us of the west, of France. This is war. The war will play itself out in

the east as in the west; blows will fall, panzers will roll, bombers will drop their loads, Ivan will run, Bolshies will creep into their mouseholes, there will be a bloody massacre. But booty? Pleasant billets? They will blow up the houses, destroy the towns, they will drive the prisoners into a camp, leaving them there to perish like beasts. That is the plan, as every soldier knows. And what he does not know, another soldier tells him, his officer hints in his weekly reports, and the contents of secret documents of the divisions filter down to company staffs.

The cars roll.

Not everyone is assigned to earn his laurels in this war, to fight battles, to force his way deep into the soft parts of the Russian monster. There are those who have very limited duties, for example, guarding prison camps, acting as company leader in a war-prisoner detachment: to see to it that the food is fairly distributed among them, that the prisoners answer roll call every morning in full strength, that there is no brawling, that the latrines are kept clean, that the prisoners are regularly deloused, that no sharp objects are kept hidden such as knives, forks, daggers, in boots and other secret places; to locate Jews, communists, and Stalin's agitators among the prisoners; and, in general, to record which nationalities—Azerbaijan, Cossack, Caucasian, Georgian, White Russian, Ukrainian, Pole—are to be found in the camp. Women will also occasionally be found disguised among prisoners of war. That all seems most reasonable and there is in it nothing contrary to the Geneva convention. Since the soldier who has been taken prisoner is subject to certain laws of disarmament, detention, and authority, he must be strictly controlled, for he is as prisoner still a potential enemy, and he must be treated with caution.

The cars roll. Cattle trucks of the German railroad system from the entrainment station at Kempen—Kempno to the Poles. They roll eastward through Poland, through Warsaw, Demblin, Lublin, through ravaged country.

Summer, 1941. Cholm, 1941.

The streets of the eastern Polish town are busy. There is an old city, a new city. In the old city lies the ghetto. The new city has modern transportation, districts reminiscent of German districts. The Russians occupied the town for six weeks when, following the Russo-German pact of 1939, they entered Poland and, to forestall German plans, advanced over the Bug as far as Cholm and Lublin. Now the Germans are again occupying it. On Sunday the gray-uniformed soldiers stream out of the regular barracks and the private houses

converted into barracks, and try, in the town crammed with churches of the most diverse beliefs, to find a little change from the dreary barrackyard drill and duties. What is there to see in a town so much more eastern than western? The smaller houses built partly of wood, where people are living in the cellars, where at night a single light burns and where a child sits alone at a table or crouches at the foot of a bed where her mother, seriously ill, lies prostrated. Here is being played out the fate of a people which Hitler defeated and battered in a campaign of scarcely more than twenty days, and which now in its poorest quarters is gnawing the cloth of hunger and preparing for death—death that is familiar not only in concentration camps and bombed cities. The churches are packed. Once again a few priests may preach, once more on holy days the Polish Catholic puts on his festival attire for Sunday church, and bears witness in conspicuous numbers to the old doctrines of the west and his Christian faith. But in the Jewish quarters there rises a movement at midday as though all the nations of the earth were in labor. Even the sight-seeing soldiers ought to realize that in this eastern world want and necessity exist side by side with the riches of bazaars, busy industries and alluring vistas.

The first prisoners of war are coming in. By strange, little-known paths they arrive in the prisoner-of-war camps, which have been put up outside the town. The encircling fence is of barbed wire. The accommodations are gray earthen huts, rising one or two meters above the ground, in which tens of thousands of men are in the future to live out their wretched lives. Here and there is a large tent. In any other place or time one would have thought this a circus, where gay and artful acts would be performed. But here several thousand men are living tightly packed together, sweating out their bodies' warmth and spreading the vermin collected in their clothes. At the corners of the giant barbed wire fences of the rectangular camp stand high wooden towers, where a stolid German soldier operates a searchlight, at night letting its beam play over the camp; or where another has his hand on the trigger of a machine gun, ready to loose a merciless red streak if a shadow moves within the defenses, hastening toward the barbed wire in an insane longing for freedom. I have sometimes wondered which is the worse fate, to be a prisoner or to guard prisoners. Slime and filth, rain and sun, soften the ground of the camp. The winter, inhumanly cold, breaks into this place of outcasts, and, together with the bad food, undermines the

health of many tens of thousands of sons and fathers, men of all ages from children to old men.

Cholm, heaps of skulls.

While the forward march of the German battalions was trampling the Russian soil, while grenades were bursting inside the defense works of the Russian front, while the eyes of unpracticed forest fighters were searching the underbrush for snipers, while shots were ringing out and lives were being lost on every side, Cholm was to become the camp holding 120,000 Russian soldiers—Ukrainians, White Russians, Greater Russians, Bessarabians, Rumanians, Galician Jews, Don Cossacks, Mongols, and Poles from Russian-occupied territory.

We enter the camp, classified as company leaders. We have no arms. At the barbed wire and at the guard houses stand comrades of one unit or another; we are to attend to prisoners who are considered to be the scum of the earth.

It is rainy September, the clouds hang low and here and there a plume of smoke rises above the camp from a forbidden fire, which freezing prisoners have made from stolen wood. Right by the German mess-kitchen stands the punishment block. Exactly twenty-five strokes a minute and almost continuously as long as daylight lasts. Shrieks of pain come from prisoners who often do not know for what crime they are laid on these three wooden planks and beaten with a heavy stick by a German n.c.o. or a Russian assistant selected especially for this purpose. The "crimes" are forbidden traffic between the individual prison blocks; barter of cigarette papers for tobacco, shoes for a coat, a piece of bread for tent space. The outcry of the tormented mingles with the howls and laughter of those who stand above them. A regular technique of beating develops; if the blows don't fall hard enough the one who administers the beating is replaced or the beating is repeated. Each of our soldiers carries a stick, provided by the prisoners themselves. Weapons are not used because the prisoners are docile. Their one hope is humane treatment.

Many of us do not use the sticks, but almost all are proud to have them. Nauseating.

As we come into the camp they are still busy building the earthen huts. These earthen huts, it was said, had the advantage of being warmer than barracks in winter and of not using up so much wood. The prisoners themselves had to bring up the wood. When they came to the camp they were as yet not badly undernourished. But prisoners who had been captured some six or eight weeks after the

beginning of the Russian campaign had exhausted all their reserves of strength on the long road to prison. Now they set off, thousands of them in charge of company leaders, to the railroad station, and carried the heavy logs to camp on their weak shoulders. Many of them collapsed. Go slow, slow! But unfeeling guards drove the columns on and forced them, almost without a break, on up the ascending road at a pace which would have been strenuous even for healthy men. Oh! for our eyes, which never flowed with tears of shame, when a brutal guard, leveling his fixed bayonet, stuck a tottering wretched prisoner in the seat, and from there on blood made a pattern on the road. Man is the worst enemy of man! There were a few of us who could not bear the sight of such things, whose voices were hoarse with shouting to the others not to be so cruel, to move at a slower pace; and there were a few who turned away because they could not endure the sight of what they had done. And in the camp there again sounded the monotonous echo of blows. Thus the prisoners were to be educated to accept the discipline of the camp.

There were 54,000 men in Camp B when it was laid out, and still fresh loads of prisoners keep arriving. They stand in the reception block with expectant eyes, thinking that for them the worst is over. Many of them were indeed glad to have been captured. Their assumption was that they could now look forward to agreeable labor on a German farm. Remembering their fathers' stories of the last war, they often asked: When do we get to the German farms? From that alone one can judge how the moral structure of man has changed in scarcely three decades, and how barbarous the conduct of war has become. For all these men, who believed that they were here as prisoners of war, had been condemned to death. For a long time we could not grasp that fact, though it was openly said to me (and others) by the officer in charge. One afternoon, at the shooting range at Kempno, I was sent for by the lieutenant. This Berliner was no Nazi; he explained to me, referring to our previous training in grenade throwing and machine-gun shooting, that it was believed in the higher echelons that it would be necessary to shoot the prisoners because hunger would drive them to revolt. We were to let them starve, to let them die. The abysses of the soul are varied, and sometimes it is not the soul alone but the apparatus, the mechanisms of human life which are the instruments of the devil. The Ukrainians moaned: When do we go home? When taken prisoner they were promised that they would be allowed to go home; and now they lay, so like the Germans with their blond hair and lanky build, in the huts, complain-

ing of pains in the stomach, the head, arms, and legs. The Jews came. Nearly all of them spoke German and on that account they served as interpreters for the company leaders. They asked: When are we going to Germany to do more suitable work? Many of them seemed anti-Bolshevik . . . Was one to tell them that in the end their fate would prove to be worse than that of their fellow prisoners? And even if one had told them so they would not have believed it, since in spite of almost ten years of Nazi anti-Semitism the German people still lived in the imagination of these eastern Jews as a chivalrous nation, as the people endowed not only with an advanced industrial technique but also with spiritual worth and moral decency.

Clouds over Cholm. Damp rainclouds which slowly fill the whole sky and give the sun a livid ghostly air. It is still dark when we march out of our barracks in the morning and turn into the camp. Nothing stirs there. It is still as the grave. The prisoners don't come out of their huts until the prescribed time; they lie crouched together in the earthen huts, not wishing to leave the warmth of their fellows. But they will be driven from the huts with loud shouts, they have to stand side by side for roll call and woe to him who is even a hand's breadth out of line! The stick of the sergeant-major will descend mercilessly and swear words will rain upon the head of the German company leader, words which are just as painful as the blows of a stick to the prisoners. The sick who have remained behind in the huts are dragged out and now lie ready to be counted. The company is never at full strength. The camp statistics never tally with the report of the company commander.

Word comes from higher up that carrying of sticks is to be abolished, that under penalty no soldier is again to be seen with a stick in the camp. But already a stick is descending on the fingers of a far too nimble youth who, breaking the column of march, snatches at a discarded cigarette butt. Isn't that proof that the banning of sticks is without authorization? The sticks remain. At that time Adolf Hitler issued a report on the Russian campaign, in which he spoke of the "lower race of men" which was to be destroyed. Immediately a great many of the soldiers were spurred on to see nothing but chosen victims in the prisoners. Haven't they said that it is a little thing to die? It is a fine thing to die for the Fatherland; isn't it equally fine to kill, too? By God, perhaps the Germans have forgotten that when a man dies gladly he learns in the end to murder gladly too. And if the State is made sacred, if it is set up as the highest instrument of

morality, then is it so difficult to do away with the prohibition of murder, dissolving all human bonds?

Frightful Westphal! You who in a drunken rage ran amuck through the camp, driving your bayonet into the bodies of the heedless prisoners who stood in your path! What have you done? Has not the horror crawled over your shoulder since that hour? Have you ever thought of the gruesome spirits that you thus brought forth to plague you and your people? But even more frightful is it that at night you displayed on your bed the valuables you took from the prisoners at the point of your bayonet. Most frightful of all is the fact that none cursed you, and after such a deed, though it became known to the command, you continued to "take care" of the prisoners.

Night over Cholm.

Something must happen. Will the Russian campaign never end? In Germany and in other places they are becoming impatient. Things are not moving as quickly as they had expected. The military machine works slowly. Somewhere, maybe, the gears no longer mesh, somewhere sand has been thrown into the mechanism. Somewhere a little ghost is watching who will have things his own way. Slow death is being prepared; and terror is its precursor. It is lovely to die. But if one first stirs up the evil of the whole world, then surely those who have prepared the universal ruin must perish too. The various nationalities in the camp are being aroused against one another, and the gentiles are encouraged to fall upon the Jews. Death, preparing to exterminate entire nations, strikes in various ways; men must not only be hanged, they must also be put to the sword. To the barbed wire with this man! There he stands from morning till night, neck, chest, legs tightly bound to the stake, the chin, the face stretched upward, so that the cord will not choke him. All day long rain drips into his mouth, even though for the most part it is shut as tight as a trap. What has this eighteen-year-old youth done that they crucify him like the One long ago who, seeking to change the world through his teachings, suffered the will of God? Is he a fighter for Christ? Is he a thief? Or is he neither one thing nor the other, neither believer nor skeptic, but simply a successor of those Christians who were persecuted for their faith?

And what crime have those three Jewish prisoners committed that they were shot by a Gestapo agent during a routine inspection? That gentleman was displeased by their conspicuously eastern features, which in some book or other that he had read had been described as repulsive and characteristic of an infamous race. The literature

of the Third Reich aroused the murderous instincts of mankind, making room once more for that devil who had been banished, we imagined, from European lands and who is now doing his handiwork in the name of a higher race of man. And what reason was there to stir up the Ukrainians in the Jewish block, putting to use the anti-Semitic instincts of those people so as to make them lay hands on their fellow prisoners, whom they robbed and beat almost to death? For you, decent Ukrainians, shortsighted as you sometimes were, failed to buy off your lives by means of this Gestapo-incited attack. When things came to such a pass that they would have liked to ship you home to Kowel, to Lemberg, to Chernowitz and Mogilev, you were so famished that you broke down on the march, dying by the hundreds in roadside ditches. When the Polish civilians wanted to give food and cigarettes to the starving prisoners being marched through the town in a labor detachment, they were beaten by the Gestapo, and if any Jewish intellectual was caught doing it he was arrested and shot. And how vividly I remember an Austrian officer who ran a rowdy guard through the arm because he was driving the defenseless prisoners back into the ranks with his bayonet after they fell on a farm wagon loaded with turnips. If that time seems not wholly lost it is because of the image that remains in my mind of a few soldiers who dared to act in the name of a moral principle. Two strokes, three, ten, a hundred—yet one man, somewhere among those soldiers, dared to remember his humanity. That too one must not forget.

Night over Cholm. The sun rises blood red in the east. The day is wet and cold. What will it bring?

We march out of the gate. Large puddles dot the road. The staff-sergeant orders us to sing. Now the song rises thinly through the morning air. But it seems to us that instead of marching forward we are marching backward or round in circles, as if we, who are apparently “free” men, were prisoners too. The road leads by wretched huts, here and there in the misty morning a light shines, some shadow whisks across the road, disappearing into the ditch or into the wet mist. A thief? A phantom? A fugitive? Perhaps one who has been lucky in breaking out of the camp? We don’t know. Do we really want to know? The road goes on, our feet shuffling on the soaking track, ever deeper slime; it is hard to keep in step and our mood grows blacker and blacker.

The camp is one long gutter made up of water-holes and duck-board trodden to pieces. Our eyes light on little pools of blood, easy to distinguish by their reddish brown, jellied mass. Throngs of

prisoners are coming up for medical inspection. Here they stand, fever-racked yet stretching out their hands for a crust of bread or a mouthful of hot tea. A seventeen-year-old lad, touching in his youthfulness and in the nobility of his features, waits for me every morning and seizes the small packet of sandwiches which I bring him. His thanks are still ringing in my ears when he has disappeared to swallow his food in some furtive place, unobserved, in so far as that is possible, by his companions. But others come up to us to cadge and beg; the handouts become smaller and smaller. Some others do as I do, and soon this pitiful charity becomes a source of annoyance to the subalterns, who look on this sympathy as false sentimentality. "Sentimentality" in a prisoner-of-war camp! How ridiculous! Humanity. How absurd! All is in vain. Already the fate of these people has slipped from man's hands, it has become independent of man's will. Chaos rules.

The prisoners who have been called to sick-quarters stand in long lines on the hill of Calvary. No doubt something dreadful has happened; and the next day my fear is confirmed. Dysentery has broken out and is spreading with incredible speed from block to block, from national group to national group over the whole camp. The burial squad, composed of Jews, is very busy; soon one detachment is not enough and more have to be called on. All the efforts of the doctors to check the epidemic by increasing the food ration are frustrated by the idiocy and inefficiency of the military machine, which is utterly unprepared for this crisis. The food of the prisoners is bad, 100-150 gm. of bread, with sawdust in it, daily, no rations of fat, 10-20 gm. of margarine, on occasions a little rancid cheese, and water soup, soup on which not the smallest drop of fat has ever floated. The prisoners get still more emaciated, and the epidemic advances. Quarrels break out near the windows where food is issued, each prisoner snatching eagerly at mouldy morsels of bread. The specter of death is everywhere, and none wants to die.

In a narrow space enclosed by barbed wire a man is crouching, a man scarcely recognizable as such who is being punished in accordance with the orders of the camp authorities. From his face all hope has vanished. His eyes are empty of light, blotted out as if by the merciless strokes of an iron pencil.

Innocent, unjustly punished? Evil words! They still echo in the ears of the company leaders, cracking like a whiplash, when one of the prisoners broke ranks and suddenly shot these words at them. Innocent, punished simply for speaking out? If all together or if only a considerable minority had been able to protest, to rebel, their

voice might have been heard throughout the German land. But no, everything is obscured, like the light of this day which toward evening mixes with the dun of the earth and then slowly fades into black night.

Days come which are better, in which hope springs up again in the hearts of the prisoners who still ask: "When are we going to Germany? When shall we have better food?" To a few fate has been kind. In the kitchens the prisoner cooks and the supervisors are putting on weight. The camp police are recruited from the ranks of the prisoners and they are apt to knock their comrades about in a blind rage. They go around in shiny boots and wear shiny uniforms. They are stronger than any possible assailant. Among them there is hatred and jealousy, also fear that their double dealings will be avenged some day.

Hitler's death might help! It could free us from this torture which has become unbearable.

Hitler's death! Can one speak of it aloud? Here and there someone dares to discuss the situation with an officer; but the officer is human, he too is afraid and must knuckle under. Only now and then the confession escapes his lips: "Here one man betrays another for a crust of bread."

And with that it becomes necessary to recall the dreadful doings of the Gestapo, which had built up a spying system in the camp, in order to deliver to the knife any prisoners suspected of being communists. It began with the shooting of the Commissars, who fell in a heap without the twitching of an eyelid. Now *Volksdeutsch* interpreters have arrived to seek out those prisoners who might have spoken favorably of the Soviets. Employing all possible ruses, they find such men and hand them over to the Gestapo. And from time to time a high Gestapo official appears in the camp, spreading death and ruin.

The gallows, the shootings, the pre-arranged raids of one nationality on another, all that was the Gestapo's work. And now came the turn of the Jews. Once they were removed from their posts as interpreters we knew that now indeed they would be done away with. Among them, as among all peoples, there were both sympathetic and unsympathetic types. There were many who with the courage of despair appealed to us to protect them, as Jews, from the non-Jews, attempting thus to obtain the help of German soldiers in warding off the denunciation of them as Jews by their Russian fellow prisoners. There were soldiers who turned away when such denunciations were

made to them, acting as though they understood nothing, and this game went on for days and weeks. But there were others who listened to the denunciations and reported them as was required by the authorities. I am proud never to have been responsible to Hitler's hangmen for a single Jew. I made no secret of the fact that I despised militarism and if someone told me that the "disintegration of the Reich" was the sole alternative, I would say that death was in this camp the greatest disintegrator. Did death choose good or evil, did he choose the Jews or the Christians, the communists or their enemies, the Ukrainians or Cossacks, the Poles or Mongolians? He swept them all out, bald as rats' tails and uncounted; only a few were spared, and these will testify for thousands of years how things were with us Germans. Yes, with us Germans.

In the camp at Cholm I was able to spot carefully the brutes among us. The percentage of brutes was small, but that of the indifferent was frighteningly high. The German people is in its entirety responsible for these crimes, and only through the admission of guilt will it be possible to lay the foundation for a better life.

Change is indeed necessary, a change from the bottom up. An end must be put to ingenious excuses, to the weighing of so-called national considerations and to all those other ways of escaping the truth. Don't leave it for others to judge us. Let us judge ourselves, and with justice. None is guiltless, neither you nor I, neither those who suffered nor those who caused the suffering. A false star misled us, and this false star shall fade in the flush of a new dawn.

IV

Trains roll eastward. Battles are fought, victories won. Adolf Hitler is speaking about the Russian campaign. What is he saying? What counsel does he offer? The loudspeaker stutters. Hasn't someone got the speaker by the neck and is shaking him? Is it that grim creature, the white ghost who hides his weapon in his cloak? The doctor's art is done, the experiments on mice and rats have led to nothing, though the care-ridden medical assistant is still studying the fever graphs. It is whispered that we are no longer dealing with dysentery but with spotted fever; hunger typhus, the soldiers call it. In the mortuary barracks the corpses are piling up by the thousands. The Jews who have furnished the burial squads are themselves suffering fearful losses. Already a few German soldiers are down with dangerous symptoms; they say it is influenza, but it is death who has

them in his grip. Serums are to be sent from Berlin and other cities, but the dispatched quantities are not arriving. The death rate among the troops is increasing and no help comes from the outside. Now perhaps it will dawn on the higher-ups that something has gone wrong in the east. Commissions will visit the camp, discussions will follow discussions, even Polish and Russian doctors will be called on for consultation in order to avert the thunderstorm that threatens to break over the general's head. But death is not to be trifled with. He sneers, since thousands of prisoners are still lying in earthen huts with freezing guts and shivering limbs. Death is swifter than the fear of the German soldiers, who now suddenly know that they are just as liable to die as the prisoners. Death goes through the camp from one end to the other, sparing none.

In the wet October and November snow the footpaths disappear under the slush. The roofs of the earthen huts are to be reinforced so as to help the prisoners fight off the cold. The last torn and ragged pieces of clothing are issued to the prisoners, who walk through the camp with covered heads to protect themselves from the damp. Among them some creature hobbles who is not to be recognized—is he one of those goblins whom delirium has transformed into a happy man or is he death in mocker's guise? It seems that the moment has come when the higher-ups must initiate big measures.

“Corpse mountains are growing,
Mass graves overflowing. . . .”

And now a new fanfare bursts forth: Hitler, the knight who fights against death and devils, will set himself up as an exemplar; it is he who will traffic with death anew and snatch the victory from his jaws. Hitler will again search out the Jews—his mortal enemies—whom he considers to be more deserving of death than any other people. And so it happens. Those who have buried the dead now begin to dig their own graves. Then the shots of the Gestapo ring out, and one grave-digger after another sinks into the grave, while the few who remain shovel in the dirt over them. But who is to bury the dead now, if death should fail to obey Hitler's order to withdraw from the camp?

Thousands are shot. The communists are shot; in groups of five, bound together with iron chains, they are mowed down in the forest near the cemetery. Chaos reigns. Once more the camp statistician attempts to bring order into the daily returns from the camp blocks.

In despair the Commandant waves his slate pencil over the figures which force him to ever new calculations. There is an endless flow of papers across his desk, dotted with crosses. There they lie, the exhausted forms stretched on piles of bodies which have become as stiff as boards. Polish farmers are ordered to bring up their wagons to haul away the corpses. Delousing stations are held in readiness from morning till night. The German soldiers go into the camp with the certain feeling that they, too, will be stricken. The camp is full of groaning men; and Hitler is still fighting his titanic battle against a power that is mightier than he. A crazed, alcoholic captain, who whips and bullies the prisoners, is demoted and transferred to a transport command. Other officers arrive. The office is crowded with petitioners; now at the eleventh hour they come to beg for the release of their relatives from the camp. From every part of eastern Poland they come, for the dreadful story of the prisoners' deaths in Cholm has spread through the land.

Death speeds through the huts of the town. Here and there someone has deserved well of the German army; yet even he is not spared. The health officers are shielded from death by the serum, but to the end of their lives their hearts will not beat as of old, there will be an odd glint in their eyes, consumption and other diseases will ravage their bodies. At this hour the angel of vengeance walks step in step with almighty death. There lies the n.c.o. who refused to deliver to the prisoners the extra packages which somehow arrived for them. His head burns, his limbs shake; and just as the patient seems to be on the road to recovery the last convulsion seizes him and in wild delirium he throws himself down from an upper story.

Thirty-eight thousand dead lie buried in mass graves in the forest cemeteries of Cholm.

Night, deep night over Cholm. The Camp Commandant must fulfill the instruction, handed down from above, of banishing this force of nature which has broken loose in a way not foreseen by men. In the last days the crisis has reached a standstill. At home, in the Austrian garrison, he had better luck. There they demanded that he shoot 120 officers who recognized Russia as their Fatherland, all simple men from artisans to schoolmasters. Did he do it? He shot them; and the shots still echo grimly.

V

I stand upon the hill of Cholm and look westward. Is it not from there that all the evil came? Yet our eyes must always be turning back. I never look eastward. The trains rolling that way do not concern me; but there, in the direction of Warsaw and Cracow the horizon seems lighter, more promising and inviting. What sort of mirage is it that misleads us, since we are here solely as the executors of the west?

I stand upon the hill of Cholm. The agony is still not at an end. The barbed wire penetrates our hearts a hundred times; we strike our foreheads and ask: Is it possible? Why all that? It is springtime. The cold hateful winter has gone its way. The crosses of the German cemetery at Cholm glitter in the sun. Never have I seen a cemetery so well tended and so bleak as this, which shelters those who fell in the First World War. Trains on their way back to Germany come from Kowel bringing soldiers from Kiev, Smolensk, and the Don Basin. Freight trains are filled with women and girls, in white kerchiefs, who with old men and boys are being taken to Germany for forced labor. The plunder of Russia has reached a climax, but the hope for victory has been in vain. What, after all, has this winter brought? The lost battle of Moscow which in hunger and cold beat the plunderers over the head. The death of many a hundred thousand brave soldiers and the hordes of prisoners who will die behind barbed wire. It has brought death to good comrades who fell victim to spotted fever, among them Zahn, that fine Berliner, who held himself upright on the barbed wire and in the hour of decision revealed his transcendent humanity.

It brought suffering to numberless mothers and sons and daughters who now mourn in every land their fathers, brothers, and children. Nature had gotten hold of something enormous, immeasurable, which it drove through all the European lands, across the Russian steppes to the untamed rivers of the east, the Caucasus and the Urals. In these huts of Cholm life and death gazed into each other's eyes, and it was hunger, naked pitiful hunger that drove men to the worst. A few ate human flesh. They sat like mourners around the dying man, waiting tranquilly to cut him to pieces. After his last breath was drawn or even before, the knives gleamed, pieces were cut out of the corpse and cooked on tiny home-made grates. Tastes good, friend, tastes good.

They were shot. Cannibalism disgusted the authorities. It could not go on; it would mean the end of culture and, besides, it might bring

the International Red Cross to the scene. So that was over and probably would not occur again. But who can be sure that it will not return? We were merely the wave that broke; and could not this wave roll back again?

VI

But the winter of 1941-42 also brought something else: it brought the death of the Fatherland. Is it possible to love a Fatherland which tolerates such bloody crimes?

The Fatherland lies in the slime and mud of the prisoners' camp at Cholm, as many have witnessed. It has been trampled underfoot by the many thousands of prisoners' feet and by the German boot-heels. What we must say cannot be silenced, not even by the trials of the war criminals. It may be that this hard experience will lead to the rebirth of the Fatherland, not today nor tomorrow, but one day when the signs are favorable. It cannot have been entirely in vain and from it perhaps something new must arise, something new to replace that which has so utterly failed us.

Today the trains are again rolling eastward. But it is the Russians, the many prisoners of war and the slave laborers who now, after years of privation, are going home. Millions of them will never return. They are the victims of war and madness. Among those now on the march too are many German prisoners of war. Their fate is uncertain. Many will break down under the burden they will have to bear. Many have already broken down. And the same is true of our prisoners of war throughout the world. They now have to bear the fate that we, in Hitler's words, deserve so well. But if this war has taught us one thing at least, it is that we must turn away with loathing from all those who do not see the creature of God in man.

Without God or morality mankind cannot live. Cholm showed us that. The time for grasping at nebulous things is past; clear and open laws are needed that provide a sure foundation for man's treatment of man. The ten commandments of Mount Sinai are today as real as they were ten thousand years ago. No law is violated with impunity, and no law was created simply through the arbitrary will of the lawgiver. These laws are the outcome of mankind's long experience and its incessant effort to curb the evil in its nature. We, too, must cope with this evil. We must first learn the laws aright before we practice them. Thou shalt not kill! Thou shalt not punish arbitrarily! Thou shalt not plunder, rob, murder, burn! Guard the enemy

prisoner and do not maltreat him! Reverence the living image of God in him and love him according to His will. To be human one must act with goodness. It is the people alone who can restore the life of our nation—they alone, if their hearts are cleansed of evil, their conscience chastened and purified.

(Translated by Christopher Fremantle)

Dostoevsky's Underground Man

WILLIAM PHILLIPS

IT IS NO secret that "the greatest of all novelists," as André Gide called Dostoevsky, was both a creature and a prophet of the pathological. He lived in the shadow of insanity; his creative world was an abyss of criminality and derangements; his ideas, which were largely ramifications of his political views, were certainly perverse (I almost said perverted), and by the prevailing norms of progressivism they would have to be characterized as "reactionary." Only his morality seems to have been untainted. Yet even in this sphere, even in his most exalted moments, we can see the desperate lunges of the underground man into the human daylight.

Here, in this fabulous combination of the heights and the depths, lies an apparent contradiction. How did the wisdom and controlled illumination of his fiction emerge from—or even exist side by side with—the excesses and disfigurements of a "diseased" mind? This contradiction has been rather easily resolved, to be sure, by the catch-phrases of criticism which permit one to hold on to the notion of the respectability of art while allowing for an aberration here and there: thus we are all familiar with the "mad genius" or the genius whose life adds the necessary biographical spice. On a higher level, the more popular notion has been turned on its head, the idea being advanced that the very imbalance of the artist is what impels him to break with tradition and seek a new version of existence. No doubt, this view is closer to the truth, but what it fails to account for is that neurosis is not simply a spur to creative work but is deeply ingrained in it, and that the neurotic work somehow becomes a characteristic product of modern culture. The most suggestive approach to the problem, however, has been made by the Freudians, who, because of their interest in the mechanism of neurotic behavior, have attempted a more concrete and more scientific analysis of the artistic personality. But they, unfortunately, have not been able to cope with the aesthetic part of the art-neurosis equation. Nor, strangely enough, have they been disposed to find the hidden threads between the two, as they

have generally either assigned some sacred, unfathomable quality to a work of genius, or have dissolved it in the underground streams of the psyche. Even Freud, in his masterful essay on the parricide *motif* in Dostoevsky, (PARTISAN REVIEW, Fall 1945) shies away from any connection between the novelist's creations and his personal drives. "Dostoevsky's place," says Freud, "is not far behind Shakespeare. *The Brothers Karamazov* is the most magnificent novel ever written; the episode of the Grand Inquisitor, one of the peaks in the literature of the world, can hardly be overpraised. Unfortunately, before the problem of the creative artist, analysis must lay down its arms."

The purpose of Freud's essay was to sketch a broad, hypothetical analysis of the writer from his work and the known facts of his life, and he therefore restricted himself chiefly to the two main themes in Dostoevsky's character of parricide and gambling-onanism. The task of the critic is necessarily different from that of the psychoanalyst; interested as he may be in the whole analytic picture of the writer, the critic cannot help but be more deeply impressed by the fact that the conflicts, tensions, and neuroses of the literary man have become symptoms of the fate of culture in the West and are connected with at least one side—perhaps the most important one—of the modern sensibility. And once we take this wider point of view, the neurotic elements in Dostoevsky's writings are seen to be not only much more numerous and characteristic than those themes singled out by Freud, but organically related to the *primary* meaning of his fiction. What, accordingly, I should like to do in this essay is to elucidate further the nature and the literary form of the neurotic strains in Dostoevsky's work which have become prevailing in modern literature; and thus provide some further data in the discussion on art and neurosis that has been continuing, on and off, for some time in the pages of this review.

As Thomas Mann, André Gide, and others have noted, the strain of disease runs through the highest products of Western culture. We have only to think of Nietzsche, Melville, Baudelaire, Proust, Kafka—the list is really too long to cite. But, from a historical point of view, what is most striking is that they all have in common an atmosphere of revolt and anxiety, and have all created what might be called a dominant type: a morbid, frustrated, sensitive and prophetic man—in short, a browbeaten superman. One has only to take a second glance at this divided person to recognize the artist or the in-

tellectual, that is, the author himself. And where I think Mann, as well as Gide, has gone astray is in failing to recognize that this is a modern phenomenon, for man's image of himself as rootless and conscience-laden first came into its own at about the time of the French Revolution. Where Homer's wanderer simply made a journey in space, Joyce's hero was from the beginning looking for a home in the consciousness of humanity as a whole. Similarly, while Oedipus faced his punishment after his transgression was proved, at least two of the brothers Karamazov were committed to the agony of their fate long before the crime had taken place, even before they were aware of their psychological complicity—and in a formal sense they were innocent.

If such is the imaginative ideal of modern literature, one is forced to speculate on the possibility that either our outstanding writers have been endowed with a special psychology, or, what is perhaps more likely, that the literary man in this period has projected his neurotic disposition into his work to a greater extent than ever before. Only in this way can we understand the remarkable coincidence between Kafka's paranoia, for instance, and his portrait of the shrunk-en man, the besieged non-entity, threading his way through all of experience. Or the correspondence between the Byronic hero and Byron's own footloose masculinity. Or the connection between Rousseau's paeans to self-realization and his life-long struggle to come to terms with the darker side of his being. Such is also the case with Dostoevsky, whose literary creations have at least one source in the eruptions of his psyche.

I

A reader of Dostoevsky is at once struck by the volcanic atmosphere, by the incessant crescendo of conflicting emotions, by the characters' constant turning of themselves inside out as they are catapulted from one situation to another. Dostoevsky's world is one of obsessional drives, guilt, expiation and futility, all part of a whirlpool that produces the life cycles of the various characters. And, superficially at least, this is the drama of humanity that Dostoevsky throws into being. But on closer examination, one discovers the basic pattern or meaning of this unfoldment of man's plight. For one thing, every character lives at the boiling point and is caught in the coils of some crisis—in several cases a person's entire life is a protracted crisis so profound as to bring into question his entire existence, since the decision he

must make is itself an extension of his interior conflicts. Thus Raskolnikov shrinks before the murder, because this fatal act is bound to transform his person into his idea, or, more properly, into his mania, just as his ultimate confession is a resurrection of his true self. So, too, Prince Myshkin's essence is at stake in the choice between the two women who are in love with him; as is Dmitri Karamazov's in a similar predicament, as is Ivan's in facing his guilt, or that of the many purposeful but shriveled people in the short stories who simply cannot bring themselves to do what they seemingly most crave. Throughout Dostoevsky's fiction we find this recurrent pattern of compulsive want, paralysis, action, guilt, orgiastic confession and expiation. And the significant point is not that a Dostoevskian character cannot act—that would be too simple—but rather that his impulse to act is enmeshed in some primal lust that stirs up some primal fear and guilt.

This clash between subterranean drives and the need to fulfill one's image of himself seems to me the primary conflict in all of Dostoevsky's writing, and is almost the complete dramatic mainspring of his shorter fiction. But the genius of Dostoevsky, exhibited in full force in his four great novels, lifted this conflict to an even higher plane, where it touched on some of the crucial questions of Western consciousness. In these novels—though the process is foreshadowed earlier—the conflict takes on a moral and political cast, becoming an opposition between the moral sense and a man's primitive urges, between good and evil, revolutionary action and saintliness, atheism and belief, finally culminating in the duel between God and the Devil. Thus Raskolnikov and Stravrogin, both in their own way arch-criminals, are not only the victims of their compulsions, but they are also activated by such satanic convictions as the belief in science, rationalism, and a revolutionary ethic in which a sanctified end would presumably justify the most debased means. In these two figures—as well as in a number of minor characters throughout his work, including the old sorcerer in *The Landlady*—Dostoevsky was, of course, attacking what he construed to be the philosophy of the nihilists and the socialists. As we know, his attack contained an element of malicious, perhaps neurotic, distortion. But what is most interesting to us at this point is that he saw the hand of the devil in the revolutionary principle, for its ruthless practice appeared to Dostoevsky simply another version of the criminal impulse. Raskolnikov, for example, is goaded both by a superman ethic that grants an elite the right to kill in order to gain some larger

end, and by a blind, compulsive drive that bears all the earmarks of the psychopathic. It will be recalled that this monster of rationality is reduced to a debilitating anxiety and to a kind of ecstatic frenzy, and that, in a remarkably suggestive way, he plays with his criminal *idea* just as a classic neurotic plays with his neurosis. At the same time, as Raskolnikov ponders the implications of his act, he cannot disassociate himself from Napoleon, the prototype of the historical man who lets nothing stand in his way—and is he not justified by history?

Similarly, Ivan Karamazov, who commits no overt act but who, nevertheless, contains within himself all these cross-currents of compulsion, guilt and moral responsibility, weighs the “eternal questions,” as Dostoevsky calls them, of man’s relation to himself and to his community. Again the social and the individual are blurred, as the murder of the hated father is enmeshed in the mind of Ivan with the problem of revolutionary violence. In the famous conversation between Ivan and Alyosha, where the supreme artistry of Dostoevsky suddenly brings all the issues to a head, Ivan asks his brother to what lengths he would go for the good of man. “Imagine,” says Ivan, “that you are creating a fabric of human destiny with the object of making men happy in the end, giving them peace and rest at last, but that it was essential and inevitable to torture to death only one tiny creature—that baby beating its breast with its fist, for instance—and to found that edifice on its unavenged tears, would you consent to be the architect on these conditions?” The answer of Alyosha, the true Christian, is, of course, no. Later on the same theme reappears when Ivan wrestles with his feelings of guilt as a moral participant in the killing of his father. For Smerdyakov, the actual murderer, has accused Ivan of planting in his mind the idea that “everything is lawful,” so long as the end is either useful or inevitable. And in this case the victim was nothing but an old “sinner” who exploited his lusts and his money, wrecking and despoiling his family. Besides, as Ivan shrieked at the trial, “who doesn’t desire his father’s death?” Nevertheless, Ivan cannot escape his guilt, for in merely *wanting* the death of his father he has been enveloped by the universal guilt of parricide, at once the most natural and most immoral crime. And in attempting to justify the criminal instinct by a jungle legality, Ivan is guilty of another violation of the laws of good and evil. Here we have the complete Dostoevskian story of man: his fall from the moral province of God into the morass of evil sanctioned by reason, and his effort to redeem himself by discovering his latent spirituality.

II

The typical Dostoevskian character is a *whole man*, torn from top to bottom by these moral and psychological dilemmas. And the enormous scope and power of Dostoevsky's fiction is at least partly due to this fusion of man's physical and intellectual predicament. It is clear, too, that such was Dostoevsky's intention, for in *A Raw Youth* he speaks of people being propelled by what he calls an "idea-feeling," which is at once a craving and a belief, blended into the unity of one's personality. Now Dostoevsky, himself, was just such a unified person. Not that he was especially consistent or logical; but his thinking did have an organic quality, being part of the over-all pattern of his being.

Dostoevsky had, indeed, a kind of rough-hewn and passionately held system, but it was mainly a construction on the basic conflict between man's animalism and his spiritual possibilities. Hence, it took the form of a search for values and moral direction, and an attack on any naturalist approach. He hated science, rationalism, positivism, socialism and the Enlightenment, shrewdly linking them all together on the grounds that they offered no more than a tabulation—hence a justification—of the present state of the world. It was only the irrational, in the form of art and, ultimately, faith in God, that could both free man from his slovenly addiction to himself and give him an imaginative insight into the unregimented side of his nature. There were, to be sure, such intermediate ambiguities as the fact that the irrational not only led to God but was also a pseudonym for the pathological, while science could provide an understanding of man's demonic urges. But, on the whole, the Dostoevskian scheme was dedicated to final truths and values, which would permit him to judge his impulses, as well as his ideas, and to understand his suffering as part of his spiritual destiny.

The connection in Dostoevsky's mind between the various aspects of man's plight is nowhere better illustrated than in the famous symbolism of two plus two. It will be recalled that in *Notes from Underground*, the pillar of science, the proposition that two plus two equals four, is scorned as a petty, unimaginative idea, unequal to the mysteries of human existence—why not five? And in *The Brothers Karamazov* the proof of Dmitri's guilt rests on the contention that he spent three thousand rubles on one orgy and three thousand on the second—three plus three equals six. Yet the truth is that Dmitri is not guilty, not legally, at least. At the same time he is guilty in a more

profound way than the trial can possibly envisage through its rational approach; and it is a guilt he can expiate only by true Christian humility.

As a system of ideas, Dostoevsky's thinking does not especially recommend itself to us. Yet, in its highly morbid and personal form, it has certainly become a part of what we can call the modern consciousness. Dostoevsky was clearly not alone in proclaiming that the spirit of science and rationalism acted as a fetter on the truly human. Since the beginning of the nineteenth century, there has been a general reaction against the more extreme varieties of empiricism and positivism that seemingly excluded the imponderables of existence. We see the emblem of the irrational in Kierkegaard, in Nietzsche, in the Romantics, in Baudelaire, in the Symbolists, and now in the Existentialists. At the same time, a more theoretical strain expressing anxiety over the growth of the scientific spirit has emerged in Western thought, mostly leaning toward the religious, but found also among some disillusioned radicals today and some of the Existentialists. Not only does it attribute the dreaded mechanization of life to the spread of scientific belief, but it makes the more fundamental criticism that the scientific approach cannot yield moral values.

This point of view is far from unfashionable these days, and there have been several attempts to bolster it by invoking the genius of Dostoevsky. But while any such attempt today to create a cult of the irrational and the irresponsible in the name of art and morality must be characterized as thoroughly retrograde and lacking in seriousness, still the fact remains that the genius of modern art has flourished so far on the idea that consciousness cannot be contained in any purely scientific philosophy. Like the Existentialists, Dostoevsky tried to come to grips with man's immediate experience, with his inner writhings and the inescapable presence of death, and to bring man into the orbit of mankind by discovering the more moral or more human side of the individual. And though one may question the theoretical value of Dostoevsky's position, the truth is that it did inspire the remarkable artistic verities of his fiction.

The same can be said of Dostoevsky's politics which, however shamefully reactionary, were yet in some respects prophetically aware of the crucial political issues. Shameful indeed, for Dostoevsky was a provincial nationalist and a slavophile to boot, a sycophant of the court and the Czar, and an arch-foe of the liberals and socialists whom he vilified on every possible occasion. Nevertheless, Dostoevsky's position was scarcely that of some petty tyrant or bureaucrat; nor

can it be denied that he was dedicated to what he conceived to be the true destiny—and therefore the spiritual freedom—of the Russian people. The philosophy of Herzen, Turgenev, and the early socialists (all of whom looked to the West and to an international social revolution), was undoubtedly a more wholesome one. But it is also true that Dostoevsky was in some ways a more indigenous figure, reflecting in his apocalyptic vision of the human community the very backwardness of old Russia. And in such retarded countries as India, China, and Italy, the most advanced social outlooks have not uncommonly been grounded in religiosity, non-violence, and a substitution of spiritual for political action.

Of even greater importance, however, is the fact that Dostoevsky's recoil from the socialist principle was couched in terms that have become wholly relevant to political thinking. One can only speculate whether it was his backwardness or his insight that brought him to formulate so dramatically the vital issue of the relation of means to ends in the realm of social action. But the fact is, that this has become the central problem of contemporary politics; and the theoretical dilemma that agitated Raskolnikov and Ivan Karamazov, and inspired the human conflicts in *The Possessed*, has now become strangely pertinent. The radical movement has itself made the painful discovery through actual historical experience, that its most cherished ends have foundered on the choice of means.

III

All these stresses of Dostoevsky's thinking are embodied in the "underground man," the new human type created by Dostoevsky, and undoubtedly his prime achievement. Though foreshadowed as far back as *Poor Folk*, Dostoevsky's first work, and greatly ramified in his later writings, this type first appears in full bloom in *Notes from Underground*. Cast in the characteristic form of a confession, this revolutionary novelette literally disgorge the state of mind of its protagonist. Meek, tortured, uprooted, and living in the labyrinths of the pathological, he has all the proportions of an "anti-hero," a deflated man, with an overwrought consciousness, who cannot cope with his predicaments. We immediately recognize in him the tragic man of sensibility of modern writing. But Dostoevsky has gone even further, intensifying him to the point where he becomes a pure object of feeling, and then cutting him open to reveal his clinical foundations. We see him suffering from paranoia, masochism, manic exaltation; and a split personality car-

ries him into the gray areas between illusion and reality. Such is the genius of Dostoevsky that none of these neurotic strains is separated from the more commonly observable form of suffering and alienation. What marks him, however, as a complete Dostoevskian creation, is that his anxieties reach into his social and political ideas. The underground man tries to escape the Machiavellian influences of science, reason and revolution, and at the same time he wrestles with the anti-Christ within himself. Essentially he is a doomed man, because he has not come to terms with God.

Now, most of Dostoevsky's heroes are variations of the anti-hero. His earlier and shorter writings revolve around aborted, lonely, but highpitched people impelled by some mania and its attendant guilt, and wallowing in their own insecurity. Many carry the weight of some secret, usually undefined and lying somewhere between one's recognizable drives and the general unknown within oneself. Frequently, they rise to fits of self-knowledge, where everything becomes luminous, either in an epileptic seizure or when faced with death, or some psychological equivalent. Thus we see the restless, furtive, compulsive figure in Polzunkov, Mr. Prohartchin, Vasya (*A Faint Heart*), Ordynov (*The Landlady*), Ivan Ilyitch (*An Unpleasant Predicament*), and in the ridiculous man whose dream is a parable of both his outlook and his fate—the type being later developed on a grandiose scale in Prince Myshkin.

The underground man also appears in a more sinister form in the succession of magnificent sinners, criminals and revolutionists in Dostoevsky's later fiction. This more sinister figure can first be discerned in the mad man of will, Murin (*The Landlady*), and in the pathological sensualist of *A Christmas Tree and a Wedding*; but he reaches full stature in Raskolnikov, Stavrogin, and Dmitri Karamazov, all of whom are underground men in that they are ridden by a warped psyche and a demonic idea. Dostoevsky's saints, moreover, are cast in somewhat the same mold: for what is Alyosha Karamazov but an underground man turning his face to God—and Prince Myshkin but an underground child?

IV

If the underground man has taken his place in modern literature, with a life of his own apart from that of his author, still the truth is he was originally a self-portrait, a projection of Dostoevsky's entire being. Dostoevsky held a complicated idea of literary reality,

conceiving of it as an interaction between the writer's intimate self and the given conditions of life he is able to observe. In one of his letters, for example, he revealed his literary methods: "I have my own idea of art, and it is this: What most people regard as fantastic and lacking in universality, *I* hold to be the inmost essence of truth. Arid observations of everyday trivialities I have long ceased to regard as realism—it is quite the reverse. In any newspaper one takes up, one comes across reports of wholly authentic facts, which nevertheless strike one as extraordinary."

That profound and fantastic figure, the underground man, was created by Dostoevsky out of the Russian experience. His immediate literary ancestor is the pathetically absurd creature of Gogol, whose sociology is to be found in the discovery of the eternal sufferer in the course of the early populist revolt against feudal Russia. Dostoevsky, however, enlarged him to include the man of ideas, the destiny-laden as well as the downtrodden individual, thus giving him at once a larger human and a larger national meaning, by making him a composite of both the intellectual and the average man. It will be noted that the common type of Dostoevsky's shorter fiction is the student or the clerk, who, just like the intellectual, is most sensitive to the movement of society because he is socially uprooted.

In the longer novels, the cast of characters has a somewhat more observable connection with the middle class or the aristocracy, but they, too, are in essence anchorless people, perpetually riding the crest of their emotions. They lack those moral and intellectual props normally provided by social tradition. Now this is exactly what Dostoevsky conceived to be the predicament of the aliens of city life, and particularly the intellectuals, condemned to become spiritual orphans. In a letter written right after *The Idiot* was completed, Dostoevsky said, "Precisely such characters *must* exist in those strata of our society which have divorced themselves from the soil—which actually are becoming fantastic." As for the intellectuals, Dostoevsky never tired of lashing them for looking to the West instead of identifying themselves with the common people of holy Russia.

Yet, for all his attacks on the estranged intellectual, Dostoevsky was, himself, a disjointed intellectual, containing within himself all the elements of the underground man. And while nothing like a clinical record of his life is available, what we do know of it reveals a striking correspondence with the life of his villains as well as his heroes.

Superficially, Dostoevsky was a man in the grip of a violent

conflict—the classic definition of a neurosis—requiring a constant suppression of one side of his nature, which sporadically broke through in some disguised form, giving momentary relief, but, at the same time, reinforcing the underlying anxiety and feeling of guilt. According to Freud, Dostoevsky's epileptic fits were his prime symptom, and they had their origin in a guilt feeling associated with the murder of his father by his own serfs when Dostoevsky was still a boy. One could further track down this aberration to its sources in an early Oedipal situation, where the father image aroused an unusual reaction of hate and fear. This would account for his ambiguous relations with women, whom he usually converted into maternal figures, his ingrown friendships with men, and a masochistic streak that exhibited itself in an almost pathological shyness and sense of inadequacy accompanied by fits of self-laceration. Similarly, his mania for gambling, as Freud suggests, was probably a form of sexual play, enacted with all the compulsiveness and guilt usually associated with the forbidden—again going back to the prohibitions of childhood. In general Dostoevsky's personal life was wholly lacking in a sense of order and responsibility, nor was he noted for the ability to decide in his own life between good and evil, or, for that matter, between illusion and reality. And no wonder—when one considers that his unconscious was perpetually torn by conflicting drives and inhibitions.

Fundamentally, Dostoevsky seems to have been engaged in a constant—and fruitless—search for *authority*, that is, for some representative of the father principle. The under-side of his being, striving at all costs to assert itself, had destroyed the one force that could curb it, for it had killed the father. Hence Dostoevsky, if he were to stay within the bounds of sanity, had to find a surrogate: first in the Czar, then in morality, finally in God.

Here is our underground man, emerging from the depths of his author's pathology. Here is the source of his absurdity, his paranoia, his criminal instincts, his overpowering guilt, and his craving for redemption. And the conflicts that give Dostoevsky's fiction its remarkable power and depth can be seen to have their roots in the heroic effort of the man to live with himself.

Nietzsche once said, "Dostoevsky was the only psychologist from whom I had anything to learn." Yet the wise psychologist, like those other great amateur psychologists, Pascal, Kierkegaard—and Nietzsche himself—was possessed of an abnormal psychology. In this seeming paradox lies the secret of Dostoevsky's art—and, perhaps, of all truly creative art in our time.

P o e t r y

RODINI

Windless plane-trees above Rodini
To the pencil or the eye are tempters

Where of late trees have become ears in leaf,
Curved for the cicada's first monotony

Hollow the comb, mellow the sweetness,
Amber the honey-spoil

In these windless unechoing valleys
The mind slips like a chisel-hand

Touching the surfaces of the clement blue
Yet must not damage the solitary Turk

Gathering his team and singing, in whose brain
The same disorder and the loneliness—

The what-we-have-in-common of us all
Is there enough perhaps to found a world?

Then, of what you said once, the passing
Of something on the road beyond the tombstones

Reflecting on dark hair with its sudden theft
Of blue from the darkness of violets

And below the nape of the neck a mole
All mixed in this odorless water-clock of hours.

So one is grateful, yes, to the ancient Greeks
For the invention of time, the lustration of penitents

Not so much for what they were
But for where we lie under the windless planes.

BLIND HOMER

A winter night again, and the moon
Loosely inks in the marbles and retires.

The six pines whistle and stretch, and there
Eastward the loaded brush of morning pauses

Where the few Grecian stars sink and revive
Each night in glittering baths of sound.

Now to the winter each has given up
Deciduous stuff, the snakeskin and the antler,

Cast skin of poetry and the grape.

Blind Homer the lizards still sup the heat
From the rocks, and still the spring,

Noiseless as coins on hair repeats
Her diphthong after diphthong endlessly,

Exchange a glance with one whose art
Conspires with introspection against loneliness

This February 1946, pulse normal, nerves at rest:
Heir to a like disorder, only lately grown

Much more uncertain of his gift with words,
By this plate of olives, this dry inkwell.

LAWRENCE DURRELL

THE STRANGER'S TALE

Two ages pursue each other under the sun.
Either outlasts memory; no chronicle
Tells of their alternation. Yet old songs
Sing of the wondrous difference when gods
Gather again; when men, lone in the wind,
Are suddenly revisited, and guardians
Temper all effort, sowing the earth with ease.

Then apples are eternal; beasts are friends,
And drink from the same never icy waters.
Then do no hearts dispute; each eye is ample,
Owning as much of azure as it sees,
As much of soil, of thicket. Where grapes hang
And melons lie, where generous birds give music,
There every foot both wanders and keeps home.

In the gold age gods are as close together
As the ripe plums that cluster; are as close
To movers in the meadow as moths come,
Kissing the daisy white. But they are huge,
These fathers, and keep faith with their soft children,
Those souls with no tomorrow, those unmeaning
Foster folk that play at being men.

Or so men say when deity, departed,
Leaves them to dig and harrow; brings the frost;
And huddles certain of them in wild cities,
Woeful yet necessary, where high laws
Build peace instead of music. For the tune
That sang itself is lost, and torturers
Wring harmony from rock, from gravel's word.

This is the time of man, the terrible,
The artful time, the beautiful with risk.
And none then will exchange it, though pure songs
Sing of the wondrous difference. No man then
Would save himself more easily. The time

Is his alone, to dignify or mar;
His only gold is rule, is government.

But the first age is waiting, or the last,
When men again shall be as sparrows are,
With providence for watcher, and no skill
To ruin what is round them, or to scheme
Amends. There is no peril on the path
For deity's dark foundlings. Whom we sing,
Remembering, then with sharpened gaze forget.

MARK VAN DOREN

HEADRESS

Amid ocean of wish—
and the dolphins of whim
with slippery fins flick up
the playful, swishing spray in
my reason-wrinkled face—

amid ocean of wish,
shaped no doubt like pine-
apple, bristling and resolute
on its dish, carapaced
as any crab, crabbed as any
apple can be, and still be
sweet—

amid swirling
and so certain sea (palms
to the left no doubt
as the green-twined stalk,
saw-toothed, of the fruit,
a tusked worthy of a snout)

with me the root
 I suddenly see her rising,
 resonant and serene,
 drawing the whims around her
 windy drapes, the dolphins
 flattered into powerful
 japes . . .

I see—
 with me the root—
 her coming, the heart's thump
 and trumpeting, the bulky breath
 the toot that brings
 so wins its bigger banging wings . . .

I see; and head, pine-
 apple headhunter-shrunk,
 thorny with frowns,
 concentrates its brown and bite—
 had to for such sight—
 into sweet;

seeing is,
 that with its spiny carapace,
 pronged, touching daggers
 on all sides, a savage face,
 brides bitterness into hardest
 core of succulence inside.

Amid ocean of wish
 and a leaky world, a leaky
 day that nowhere holds,
 the core of insulating cold,
 the commotion, splattering spume,
 of my horny notion

turns
 into her nation, obedient
 as waves, bowing whites, vestal—
 in devotion, tidy, to the tune—
 maidens to the moon.

T. WEISS

REVELATIONS

*Concerning the man who threw himself from the 62nd floor
of Kree-Kastell on Broadway and whose name was Benson*

He died of shock!

He was a coward! At the moment that he had already begun to fall, he became frightened to see the enormous space below him. Only his body fell. He, Benson, drew back, remained in mid-air at about the height of the 59th floor or between the 59th and 60th and watched the body which descended, descended, completed its descent and landed in pieces. Then, slowly, Benson (the soul of Benson) begins to descend, sees his body from close-up and that it is no longer habitable; he begins to watch the crowd with an air of embarrassment—the policeman writing in his notebook and the people leaving the scene with one story to tell at home that evening.

Yes, Benson is a coward. But incredible will power is necessary when one is falling to stay in one's body, in spite of the impending smash of tissues.

Oh, a prodigious will power.

Sometimes the fall is made only from the third floor, and the body is less damaged.

The doctor proceeds with artificial respiration and tells himself that he will restore to life this poor bugger of a patient; he will restore him! But his soul has already withdrawn and it is like trying to make a raincoat breathe.

It happens also that the soul regrets his cowardice. He goes skulking around the body, judges it to be still in satisfactory condition, slips inside, rapidly tries different positions of concordance, at last wedges himself into the body which immediately begins breathing. And the doctor smiles as he mops himself off.

HENRI MICHAUX

(Translated from the French by Richard D. Ellman)

MODERN EVIDENCE

Madame Bovary*

CHARLES BAUDELAIRE

FROM THE viewpoint of criticism, the situation of the writer who comes after everybody else, who draws up in the rear, brings with it advantages not belonging to the writer of the prophetic type—the writer who proclaims his success, who commands it, so to speak, with the authority of self-assurance and recognition.

M. Gustave Flaubert no longer has any need of recognition, if indeed he ever had such a need. Numerous artists, and some of the finest and most established, have celebrated and engarlanded his excellent book. There remains for criticism only to point out certain neglected points of view about it and to emphasize some features and aspects which have not been, at least to my mind, sufficiently appreciated and discussed. Moreover, this position of the late-arriving writer, outdistanced by current opinion, has as I have hinted a certain paradoxical charm. Because he is on his own, like a straggling soldier, he has more freedom. He would seem to recapitulate in himself all the issues at stake, and, compelled to avoid the harangues of both prosecution and defense, his orders are to beat out a new path for himself, without any other stimulus than love of the Beautiful and the Just.

II

Since I have uttered that splendid and terrible word Justice, may I be permitted—so gratifying is it to me—to express my thanks to

* This review by Baudelaire first appeared in a Paris magazine shortly after *Madame Bovary* was cleared of charges of immorality by a French law-court. It had, therefore, considerable topical interest at the time. In the final paragraph Baudelaire mistakenly assumes that the book antedates *La Tentation de Saint Antoine*, the first version of which was of course of earlier composition. To the best knowledge of the translator the present translation into English is the first which has been made.—*Translator's Note*.

the French law-courts for the shining example of impartiality and good taste which they have shown in this affair? Solicited by a blind and too vehement zeal for morality, by a mind which mistook the terrain; placed before a novel which was the work of a writer unknown the day before—and what a novel, the most impartial, the most trustworthy!—a field, commonplace like all fields, scourged, drenched, like nature herself, by all the winds and tempests—the law-courts, I say, showed themselves trustworthy and impartial like the book which was pushed before them for a holocaust. And better still, let us say, if one may base a guess on the considerations which accompanied the verdict, that if the judges had discovered anything truly objectionable in the book they would still have granted it amnesty in favor and recognition of the *beauty* with which it is invested. This remarkable concern for beauty, in men whose talents are publicly engaged only for the Just and the True, is a most touching symptom amidst the greedy passions of a society which has definitively abjured all spiritual love, and which, neglecting *its ancient heart and bowels*, pays heed only to its belly. In short, one can say that this judgment, through its high poetic implications, is definitive; that the Muse has won the day, and that all writers, at least all those worthy the name, have been acquitted in the person of M. Gustave Flaubert.

Let us not say, as do so many others with a certain amount of unconscious bad humor, that the book has owed its immense reception to the trial and acquittal. The book, untormented, would have stirred up the same curiosity, created the same bewilderment, the same excitement. Besides, the whole literary world had lent its approval long before. Already in its first version, in the *Revue de Paris*, in which some ill-considered cuts had destroyed its harmony, it had elicited a lively interest. The situation of Gustave Flaubert, so abruptly made famous, was at once excellent and bad; and for this equivocal situation, over which his sure and marvelous talent was able to triumph, I shall give, as well as I can, the various reasons.

III

Excellent; for since the disappearance from the scene of Balzac—the prodigious meteor who will cover our country with a cloud of glory, like a bizarre and unprecedented sunrise, like an *aurora polaris* flooding the frozen desert with its other-worldly glow—all curiosity in regard to the novel had been quenched or fallen asleep. Some striking experiments had been attempted, it must be admitted. M. de

Custine, well-known in a world more and more rarified for *Aloys*, *le Monde comme il est* and *Ethel*, M. de Custine, the creator of the ugly young girl (that type so envied by Balzac), had delivered to the public *Romuald ou la Vocation*, a work of sublime ineptitude, in which some inimitable pages make one both condemn and absolve its dull and awkward stretches. But M. de Custine is a subspecies of genius, a genius whose dandyism mounts to an ideal of negligence. All this gentlemanly code of honor, this romantic enthusiasm, this good-natured raillery, this absolute and nonchalant personal attitude are not understood by the great human herd, and this delicate writer had against him all the bad luck which his talent deserved.

M. d'Aureville had violently attracted people's eyes with *Une Vieille Maîtresse* and *l'Ensorcelé*. This cult of the truth, expressed with a frightful intensity, could not be anything but displeasing to the crowd. D'Aureville, a true Catholic, evoking passion to conquer it, singing, weeping, and screaming in the storm, planted like Ajax on a rock of desolation, and seeming always to be saying to his rival—man, thunder, God, or matter: "Destroy me, or I will destroy you!" . . . [*Baudelaire proceeds to characterize various other now forgotten novelists of the period.*] But the rich talents of the author of the *Mystères de Londres* and of the *Bossu*, any more than those of so many other unusual minds, were unable to achieve the quick and delicate miracle of this poor little provincial adulteress, whose whole history, without embroidery, is made up of sorrows, disgusts, groans, and some few feverish swoonings wrung from a life canceled out by suicide.

If these writers, some turned toward Dickens, others modeling themselves after Byron and Bulwer-Lytton, too highly gifted perhaps, too contemptuous, did not, like a simple Paul de Kock, know how to crash the gate of Popularity, the only one of the bawds who insists upon being raped, it is not for me to blame them any more than it is to praise them. Nor do I see any reason for being grateful to M. Gustave Flaubert for having accomplished at the first stroke what others seek all their lives. At the most I will discover in him a superogatory symptom of power, and I will attempt to define the reasons which made the author's mind move in one direction rather than in another.

But I have also said that this situation of the late-comer was bad; alas, for a lugubriously simple reason! For several years the amount of interest which the public allots to the things of the mind had extraordinarily dwindled; its budget of enthusiasm went on

shrinking more and more. The last years of Louis-Philippe had seen the last explosions of a mind and soul still capable of being excited by the play of the imagination; but the new novelist found himself faced with a society absolutely worn out, worse than worn out—brutal and greedy, whose sole horror was of fiction, and sole love that of possession.

Under such conditions, a well-stocked intellect, enthusiastic of the beautiful, but accustomed to skillful fencing, judging what was good and bad in the case, could only say to itself: "What is the surest way of shaking up these old fools? They do not in reality know what they like; they have a positive disgust only for what is great; simple, intense passion, poetic abandonment hurts them and makes them blush. Let us then be commonplace in the choice of subject, since the choice of too large a subject is an impertinence for the reader of the nineteenth century. And also be very careful not to give oneself away and speak on our own account. We shall be like ice when relating passions and adventures in which most people put their warmest feeling; we shall be, as they say in the new school, objective and impersonal.

"And also, as our ears have been harassed in recent times by the puerile spoutings of this new school, as we have heard tell of a certain literary process called *realism*—a disgusting term of abuse hurled in the face of all analysts, a vague and elastic word which signifies for the herd, not a new method of creation, but a minute description of details—we shall profit by the confusion of minds and the universal ignorance. We shall exhibit a style which is nervous, picturesque, subtle, and exact on a drab canvas. We shall enclose the hottest and most seething passions within the framework of the most trivial event. The most solemn, the most consequential speeches will slip from the dullest mouths.

"What is the breeding place of stupidity, what atmosphere is the most foolish, the most productive of absurdities, the most abounding in intolerant inbeciles?

"The provinces.

"Who are the most boring of all in them?

"The little people who are busy with little jobs the performance of which warps their ideas.

"What theme for a novel is the most worn out, most prostituted, most like a broken-down hand organ?

"Adultery.

"I have no need," the poet tells himself, "to make my *heroine* a heroine." Provided that she be sufficiently pretty, that she have

nerves, ambition, an uncontrollable aspiration toward a superior world, she will be interesting. The tour de force thereby will be the more admirable, and our sinful lady will at least have the merit—comparatively quite rare—of being distinguished from the pompous and babbling females of the period just behind us.

"I have no need to concern myself with style, with picturesque arrangement, with description of places; I possess all these qualities to an overabundant degree; I will advance supported by analysis and logic, and will prove that all subjects are indifferently good or bad, according to the manner in which they are treated, and that the most commonplace can become the best."

Thereupon, *Madame Bovary*—a wager, a real wager, a bet—was created.

There remained nothing more for the author to do, in order to achieve his tour de force as a whole, than to relieve himself (as far as possible) of his sex and make himself into a woman.

IV

Several critics have said: this work, truly beautiful in the liveliness and detail of its descriptions, does not contain a single character who represents the morality, who speaks the conscience of the author. Where is he, the proverbial and legendary character, charged with explaining the plot and guiding the intelligence of the reader? In other words, where is the state-prosecutor?

Absurdity! Eternal and incorrigible confusion of function and species! An authentic work of art has no need of a writ of prosecution. The logic of the work constitutes all the postulations of morality, and it is up to the reader to draw the conclusions of the conclusion.

As to who is the most intimately and profoundly drawn character in the story, it is unquestionably the adulterous woman; she alone, the dishonored victim, possesses all the graces of a hero . . . I said just now that she was almost male, and that the author had endowed her (perhaps unconsciously) with all the virile qualities.

Let us examine these with attention:

(1) Imagination, that supreme and despotic faculty, is substituted for the heart, or what one calls the heart, from which reasoning is ordinarily excluded, and which generally dominates in the woman as in the animal.

(2) Energy for sudden action, rapidity of decision, mystical fusion of reason and passion, which characterizes men created to act.

(3) Immoderate tendency toward seduction, toward domination and even all the lowest means of seduction, descending to the affectation of dress, perfume, and cosmetics—the whole thing to be summed up in two words: dandyism, a love exclusively of dominating.

And yet Madame Bovary does give herself; carried away by the sophisms of her imagination, she gives herself magnificently, generously, and in a manner altogether masculine, to these male fools who are not her equals, exactly as poets yield themselves to their female fools.

A further proof of the quite virile quality that feeds her arterial veins is the fact that the unfortunate woman shows less concern over the external and visible limitations, the blinding provincialisms of her husband, than over that complete absence of genius, that intellectual inferiority so well demonstrated by the stupid operation of the club-foot.

And in this connection, reread the pages which deal with this episode, so unjustly regarded as parasitic, since it actually serves to throw into highlight the whole personality of the character . . . A black anger, concentrated over a long period, bursts forth in the whole Bovary household; doors slam; the stupefied husband, who has been unable to give to his romantic wife any intellectual satisfaction, is shut up in his bedroom. He is in a state of penitence—the criminal fool! And Madame Bovary, desperate, cries out, like some little Lady Macbeth shackled to an incompetent captain: “Ah, if only I were *at least* the wife of one those old stooped and bald-headed scholars whose eyes, with their shielding green spectacles, are always aimed straight at the documents of knowledge! I would proudly rock myself in his arms. I would at least be the consort of an intellectual king. But to be the galley-mate of this idiot who cannot set the broken foot of a patient, oh!”

This woman is really quite sublime in her way, in her limited environment and confronted with her limited horizon.

Even in her education at the convent I find evidence of the equivocal temperament of Madame Bovary. The good sisters observe in this young girl an extraordinary capacity for life, for getting the most of life, for measuring its possibilities of satisfaction—in short, the man of action!

All the while the young girl was being deliciously intoxicated by the colors of the stained glass, by the oriental tints which the long carved windows cast on her convent-school prayer book. She was gorging herself with the solemn music of vespers, and, by a paradox for

which all credit belongs to the nerves, substituting for the real God the God of her daydreams, the God of the future and of chance, a story-book God with spurs and mustaches. Once again, the hysterical poet!

Hysteria! Why does not this physiological mystery provide the warp and the woof of a literary work, this mystery which the Academy of Medicine has not yet solved? Manifested in women by the sensation of a rising and asphyxiating ball (I don't speak of its principal symptom), among nervous men it is translated into every sort of incapacity and also a tendency toward every sort of excess.

V

In brief, this woman is truly great, she is above all pathetic; and despite the systematic sternness of the author, who has made every effort to remain absent from his work and to function like the manager of a Punch and Judy show, every woman of *intellect* will be grateful to him for having raised the female to such a high position, so far from the pure animal and so near to the ideal man, and for having made her share in that twofold character of the calculating and the dreamy which makes up the perfect human being.

It is said that Madame Bovary is ridiculous. Quite true, we do first see her taking for a Walter Scott hero a specimen of gentleman—shall I say homespun gentleman?—attired in hunting jacket and contrasted linen. Next we see her in love with a little law clerk (who is unwilling even to undertake a dangerous court action for his mistress); and, finally, there is the poor exhausted creature, like an outlandish Pasiphaë, trapped within the narrow confine of a village, pursuing the ideal through the shabby inns and dance-halls of the prefecture. But what does it matter? Let us admit it, this is Caesar at Carpentras. She is in pursuit of the Ideal!

I certainly do not say with the Lycanthrope of revolutionary fame, who abdicated in the struggle with society: "Despite all the platitudes and all the follies of the present age, don't we still have cigarette-papers and adultery?" But I do assert that after all, everything taken into account, even on the most exact scales, our world is the more tough-minded for having been engendered by Christ, who did not have it in him to cast the first stone at the woman taken in adultery. Nor do I think that a few cuckolds more or less will speed up the rotary motion of the spheres, or advance by one second the final destruction of the universe. It is high time to call a halt to this

increasingly more contagious hypocrisy, and to consider it ridiculous for men and women, perverted to the point of triviality, to raise a hue and cry over an unfortunate author who has deigned with his chaste rhetoric to throw a veil of glory over the adventures of the bedchamber, always repulsive and grotesque, when Poetry refuses to caress them with her soft clarity of an opaline bed-lamp.

If I pursued further this line of analysis, I would never finish with *Madame Bovary*; the book, essentially suggestive, might inspire a volume of observations. For the moment I will limit myself to remarking that several of its most important episodes were originally either neglected or vituperously attacked by the critics. Examples: the episode of the botched operation for club-foot, and that very remarkable one, so filled with desolation, so profoundly *modern*, in which the future adulteress—for she is still only at the beginning of the downward path, unfortunate woman!—goes to ask help of the Church, of the Divine Mother, of Her who has no excuses for not being always ready, of that Pharmacy where none has the right to go to sleep! The good curé Bournisien, solely absorbed by the little urchins of his catechism class performing gymnastics over the pews and benches of the church, ingenuously replies: “Since you are sick, Madame, and since your husband is a doctor, *why don’t you go find your husband?*”

Who is the woman who would not, before this failure on the part of the curé, proceed, like a madwoman granted amnesty, to plunge her head in the turbulent waters of adultery? And who is there among us who has not, at a more naïve age and in troubled circumstances, been forced to make the acquaintance of an incompetent priest?

VI

I had originally intended, with two books of the same author on hand (*Madame Bovary* and *La Tentation de Saint Antoine*, installments of which have not yet been gathered together by the publisher), to build up a sort of parallel between them. I wished to establish some equations and correspondences. It would have been easy for me to reveal, beneath the interwoven detail of *Madame Bovary*, the high qualities of *irony* and *lyricism* which shine forth to an extreme from the pages of *La Tentation de Saint Antoine*. Here the poet has put on no disguise, and his *Bovary*, tempted by all the demons of illusion, and of heresy, by all the foulness of surrounding matter—his *Saint Antoine*

in fact, harassed by all the forms of madness which assail us from every side, would be a better vindication than the whole of his little bourgeois fiction. In this work, of which unfortunately the author has released only some fragments, there are some truly brilliant passages. I do not speak only of the prodigious feast of Nebuchadnezzar, of the marvelous apparition of that little fool of a Queen of Sheba, like a miniature dance on the retina of a hermit, of the charlatanesque and definitely theatrical procession of Apollonius of Tyanus followed by his elephant-driver, or rather his provider, the imbecile millionaire whom he drags around the world. I would especially like to draw the reader's attention to that quality of suffering underground and seething, which runs through the entire work, that shadowy vein (what the English call *subcurrent*) which lights and guides the way through this pandemoniacal Capharnaum of solitude.

It would have been easy for me to show, as I have already said, that M. Gustave Flaubert has voluntarily concealed in *Madame Bovary* the high lyrical and ironic qualities so unreservedly demonstrated in the *Tentation*, and that the latter work, which is the secret chamber of his mind, is obviously the more interesting to poets and philosophers.

Perhaps another time I will have the pleasure of completing this task.

(*Translated by William Troy*)

Theater Chronicle

DRY ICE

THE ICEMAN COMETH, by Eugene O'Neill, *Martin Beck Theater*.

THE CRUCIAL FIGURE of O'Neill's new play is a mad hardware salesman. Consonantly, the play itself is like some stern piece of hardware in one of those dusty old-fashioned stores into which no Pyrex dish or herb shelf or French provincial earthenware had yet penetrated, which dealt in iron-colored enamel, galvanized tin, lengths of pipe and wrenches, staples, saws, and nails, and knew nothing more sophisticated than the double boiler. Ugly, durable, mysteriously utilitarian, this work gives the assurance that it has been manufactured by a reliable company; it is guaranteed to last two-and-a-half hours longer than any other play, with the exception of the uncut *Hamlet*.

The Icedman Cometh is indeed made of ice or iron; it is full of will and fanatic determination; it appears to have hardened at some extreme temperature of the mind. In the theater today, it is attractive positively because of its defects. To audiences accustomed to the oily virtuosity of George Kaufman, George Abbott, Lillian Hellman, Odets, Saroyan, the return of a playwright who—to be frank—cannot write is a solemn and sentimental occasion. O'Neill belongs to that group of American authors, which includes Farrell and Dreiser, whose choice of vocation was a kind of triumphant catastrophe; none of these men possessed the slightest ear for the word, the sentence, the speech, the paragraph; all of them, however, have, so to speak, enforced the career they decreed for themselves by a relentless policing of their beat. What they produce is hard to praise or to condemn; how is one to judge the great, logical symphony of a tone-deaf musician? Pulpy in detail, their work has nevertheless a fine solidity of structure; they drive an idea or a theme step by step to its brutal conclusion with the same terrible force they have brought to bear on their fugitive profession. They are among the few contemporary American writers who know how to exhaust a subject; yet, in the end, the effect is a little too much like that of a vacuum cleaner—the book is full but the world is empty. Unlike Shakespeare, unlike Tolstoy or Homer, they have no curtain of decency to drop on their heroes' remains; with them, Hector lies unburied, and Danny O'Neill, starting off to the University of Chicago, is no Fortinbras to make Studs Lonigan's peace. In their last acts and chapters, they arrive not at despair but at a strange, blank nihilism. Lacking artistic feeling, that is, a feeling for texture, they are cut off with their characters from the world of being and live anxiously in the world of becoming. These writers are, naturally, masters of suspense.

O'Neill has neither the phenomenal memory which serves Farrell as a substitute for observation, nor the documentary habits which, for Dreiser, performed the same service. In *The Iceman Cometh*, the scene is a cheap bar somewhere in downtown New York in the year 1912; the characters are the derelict habitués of the back room—a realist's paradise, one would think. But it needs only a short walk along Third Avenue today (or the armchair method of inquiry) to solidify the suspicion that, unless drinking *moeurs* have changed in the last thirty-five years, O'Neill is an incompetent reporter. In the day and a half that elapses on the stage of the Martin Beck, none of the characters is visibly drunk, nobody has a hangover, and, with a single brief exception, nobody has the shakes; there are none of those rancorous, semischizoid silences, no obscurity of thought, no dark innuendoes, no flashes of hatred, there is, in short, none of the terror of drink, which, after all, in the stage that Harry Hope's customers have presumably reached, is a form of insanity. What is missing is precisely the thing that is most immediately striking and most horrifying in any human drunkard, the sense of the destruction of personality. Each of O'Neill's people is in perfect possession of the little bit of character the author has given him. The Boer is boerish, the Englishman english, the philosopher philosophizes, and the sentimental grouch who runs the establishment grouches and sentimentalizes in orderly alternation. So obedient indeed are these supposed incorrigibles to the play's thematic dictation, so well behaved in speech and in silence, that one might imagine, if one shut one's eyes, that one was attending the Christmas exercises in some respectable school ("I am Wind, I blow and blow," says little Aeolus with his bag).

And the didactic tone is, in fact, the play's natural mode. The "realistic" scene that stretches, rather Moscow Art style and friezelike, across the stage is no more than mood or *décor*. The play quickly calls itself to order, the drunkards awake and embark on an elementary study of the nature of reality and illusion. Each drunkard, it seems, has his "pipe-dream": he imagines that tomorrow he will get a job, take a walk, marry, see the anarchist millennium, go home to England or South Africa. A hardware salesman, beloved of all, who is expected to arrive for one of his periodical benders, finally does appear on the dot of the dramatist's excellent schedule; he is changed, sober, exhilarated, he has a mission to perform; he will cure Harry Hope and his customers of the illusions that are making them unhappy. In the course of the play, he obliges each of the characters to test himself. All fail to carry out the actions projected in the pipe-dream, but self-knowledge, the recognition of failure, does not bring them the freedom the salesman promised. On the contrary, it kills whatever life was left in them; disgruntled, despairing, demoralized, they cannot even get drunk, though they are full of red-eye whiskey. Fortunately, it turns out that the salesman had attained his own state of freedom and euphoria by killing his wife; the police come for him, and Harry Hope and his clients,

perceiving that he is mad, can dismiss the truths he has taught them and feel their liquor again (though this statement must be taken on faith, since here, as in the rest of the play, alcoholism does not have its customary sour breath, and the characters, like the actors who are impersonating them, seem to have been swallowing ponies of tea). As the happy derelicts carouse, one character who is without illusions, the boy who has betrayed his anarchist mother to the police, goes out and commits suicide, and another character, the philosopher, who is also capable of facing truth, indicates that he will soon join him in a plunge from the fire-escape. Life, then, consists of illusion, and if death is reality, reality is also death.

The odd thing about *The Iceman Cometh* is that this rather bony synopsis does it perfect justice; in fact, it improves it by substituting, whenever possible, the word *illusion* for the word *pipe-dream*, which recurs with a crankish and verbally impoverished tastelessness about two hundred times during the play. What shreds of naturalism cling to this work are attached to and encumber the dialogue; the language has the wooden verisimilitude, the flat, dead, echoless sound of stale slang that makes Farrell's novels and the later works of Sinclair Lewis so stilted. O'Neill here has not even the justification of sociological pedantry, which these other writers might bring forward. His intention is symbolic and philosophical, but unfortunately you cannot write a Platonic dialogue in the style of *Casey At the Bat*. O'Neill might have studied the nature of illusion through the separate relations to illusion of a group of characters (*The Three Sisters*), but his people are given but a single trait each, and they act and react, in the loss and recapture of illusion, not individually but in a body. Bare and plain, this play has the structure of an argument; its linguistic deficiencies make it maudlin. How is your wife getting along with the iceman, the characters roar, over and over again, and though death is the iceman, the joke is not appreciably refined by this symbolic treatment; rather, it is death that is coarsened.

Yet it must be said for O'Neill that he is probably the only man in the world who is still laughing at the iceman joke or pondering its implications. He is certainly the only writer who would have the courage or the lack of judgment to build a well-made play around it. This sense of one man's isolation is what, above all, gives *The Iceman Cometh* its salient look. Though it is full of reminders of Saroyan (the bar-room, the loose-witted philosophical talk, the appearance of the Redeemer at the middle table), of O'Casey (again the drunkards, and the tense, frightened young man who has betrayed the Cause), of Ibsen, Thornton Wilder, and even of Maxwell Anderson (the ripples of the Mooney and Sacco-Vanzetti cases which lap at the edges of a distant slum, and again the home-made philosophy) *The Iceman Cometh* seems nevertheless estranged from all influences and impressions. Its solitariness inside its rigid structure suggests the prison or the asylum or the sound of a man laughing in a square, empty room.

MARY MCCARTHY

Books

KOESTLER'S NEW NOVEL

THIEVES IN THE NIGHT. By Arthur Koestler, Macmillan. \$2.75.

KOESTLER's latest novel is even more negligible as art than his previous ones. But, as we know, art is not the main question with him. And yet this is not to say that the *ad hoc* novel, spot-news fiction, of which he is the most successful practitioner, has nothing whatsoever to do with art. The vulgarities and makeshifts this genre permits the novelist to get away with, even in the eyes of serious readers, contribute no little to the present decline in the general practice of the novel.

The journalistic novel exploits nonfiction in order to enable the writer to avoid the more difficult challenges of fiction proper, while on the other hand it uses fiction to make the shaping, manipulation, and adulteration of nonfiction easier. Where the genuine artist starts from a personal, particular experience, the journalist-novelist starts from a general, public one, whose automatic cogency relieves him of the necessity of making it cogent by means of art. His product enjoys the best of both worlds, and we read with fascinated attention—but only for the moment: as long, that is, as the *hoc* of the *ad hoc* retains the precise kind of interest it wears at the moment of writing. Afterwards the shoddiness of the craft overwhelms everything else.

Koestler is at least good journalism. For anything that, despite vulgarities, clichés, and oversimplifications, holds our attention as much as this latest novel of his does must be good as *something*. But the virtues of journalism, even at its best, are ambiguous. Good journalism can be made by reporting without comment the words of a stupid man, provided that the journalist taking them down organizes them appropriately. And the journalism becomes all the better if the stupid man talks about a topic of general and urgent concern. (Were the journalist to take down the remarks of an intelligent man on the same subject he would be acting merely as a secretary or rewrite man, not as a journalist.) It is to the advantage of a journalist if his understanding is superficial, otherwise he will resist those momentary moods whose excitement flavors his writing, otherwise he will understand too much to become excited.

Koestler's is the case of a gifted reporter listening to his own remarks, which come from a man the epidermis of whose brain functions better than its core, a man highly sensitive as only the superficial can be to the changing moods of the international, up-to-date, and literate milieu in which he circulates and according to which he cuts his figure. His talent

makes the best of superficiality, pretending more plausibly than those who actually do, to understand what it does not and causing his readers to feel that they understand the most precisely when they understand the least. The task of such a talent is not to illuminate our understanding and our experience but to enlighten our public emotions, to post us on the appropriate reactions of the day; it provides us with an etiquette for current events.

Koestler's way of subduing the difficult and rather impersonal material of contemporary politics is to see moral dilemmas everywhere, just as Malraux used to see Gidean philosophico-aesthetic problems. But one of the most truly problematical aspects of modern politics is precisely that it offers so little opportunity for moral choices and independent action—in other words, so little opportunity for fiction on a high level. He who today wants to write political novels must renounce understanding and be ready to tell or condone the lies of incompleteness. Thus, in Koestler's case as much violence is done to the truth as to fiction.

The very interest of *Thieves in the Night* as a vivid travel book and as a quick introduction to Palestine politics and society—all of which it is—flows from its oversimplifications. If it were less superficial it would be less interesting. For the moment I am willing to exchange, for the sole sake of reading matter, the true complexities of the situation for Koestler's contrapuntal effects: the beauty of the decaying Arab villages versus the healthy but ugly utilitarianism of the Jewish settlements; the noisy, neurotic weakness of the European Jew versus the brawn and courage of the Palestinian "Hebrew"; the interestingness, on the other hand, of Einstein, Marx and Freud versus the dull loutishness of the new Tarzans of the communal settlements; the dignity of resistance versus the humiliation of passiveness and caution—and so on.

It is in 1939, the period just before and after the issuance of the British White Paper restricting Jewish immigration and land-purchases in Palestine. The hero, Joseph is a half-Jewish, half-Anglo-Saxon pioneer on a collective farm who has identified himself with the Jews because of a painful, melodramatic, and cheaply far-fetched incident in his past. Through his and others' eyes we get quick glimpses into every corner of the Palestinian scene: the Arabs, the British, Tel Aviv, Jerusalem, an American journalist, a high-born expatriate of Mayfair, a survivor of the Socialist uprising in Vienna, a survivor of the Gestapo with a "Thing to Forget"—and so on. And it is all done with a great deal of journalistic skill, notwithstanding—or perhaps just because—almost every figure is lay and every situation stock. Since we know so little about Palestine in the flesh it is better, no doubt, to drape that flesh in all its freshness and novelty on a familiar armature taken straight from a run-down novelists' costumes and furnishings firm.

The novel comes to a climax when Joseph joins up with a Jewish terrorist organization (modeled, apparently, on the Irgun Zvai Leumi,

halfway in violence between the Hagana and the Stern group). Koestler's defense of the Jewish terrorists seems unqualified. Not only do they spirit illegal immigrants into the country, but they also keep the Arabs quiet by tossing bombs into Arab market places in retaliation for attacks on Jews. They re-assert Jewish dignity by taking fate into their own hands. The conclusive evidence as to Koestler's stand on Jewish politics is the fact that he dedicates his book to the memory of Vladimir Jabotinsky, the founder and late leader of Revisionism, a heretical Zionism that in its attitude toward socialism, the Arabs, and violence can, without distortion, be likened to fascism. Here, just where we most expect it, Koestler fails for the first time to see a moral dilemma. But just here something deeper than morality is at stake for Koestler: namely, his own Jewishness.

The chief feat of this novel and that which will some day be its only claim on our memories is that it is the first time a Jew openly confesses his own self-hatred. "Self-hatred is the Jew's patriotism," Koestler quotes somebody as saying. And Joseph writes in his journal: "I became a socialist because I hated the poor; and I became a Hebrew because I hated the Yid." When Jews bomb and shoot they are no longer Yids, they behave just like gentiles, they even begin to handle themselves and look like gentiles. Time and again Joseph suffers pangs of revulsion at the sight and behavior of the still unreconstructed Jews in Palestine, but when it comes to describing the junior officers of the terrorist organization, Koestler likens them, in his newfound Anglophilia, to the members of an (English) officers' mess, with "the air of young men from good families—with keen but reserved faces, well-groomed hair. . . ."

Koestler is entitled to his opinion of European Jews, or rather his acceptance of the majority gentile verdict on them; I myself want to take time out only to quarrel with his lack of sophistication on this score. It is possible, I want to suggest, to adopt standards of evaluation other than those of Western Europe. It is possible that by "world-historical" standards the European Jew represents a higher type of human being than any yet achieved in history. I do not say that this is so, but I say it is possible and that there is much to argue for its possibility. No one, I say further, has any right to discuss the "Jewish question" seriously unless he is willing to consider other standards than those of Western Europe. And in so far as their acceptance of the gentile verdict on the European Jew motivates so many of the Zionist leaders, I question their right to decide the Jewish question.

—Aside from all this, and beyond all this, Koestler's own egregiously false notion of what the Anglo-Saxon is (a notion that moves underneath and informs this book) disqualifies him even more profoundly. If he fails to recognize the Anglo-Saxon how can he recognize the Jew?

CLEMENT GREENBERG

FICTION CHRONICLE

ALL THE KING'S MEN. By Robert Penn Warren. Harcourt Brace. \$3.00.

THE FALL OF VALOR. By Charles Jackson. Rinehart. \$2.75.

WOMAN OF THE PHARISEES. By Francois Mauriac. Translated by Gerard Hopkins. Henry Holt. \$2.50.

JOY. By Georges Bernanos. Translated by Louise Varèse. Pantheon. \$2.75.

THE BIG CLOCK. By Kenneth Fearing, Harcourt Brace. \$2.50.

ROBERT PENN WARREN's third novel, *All the King's Men*, is a mystifying book. Its difficulties do not spring from verbal or thematic obscurity, but rather from the contraries within the author himself. Warren has extraordinary novelistic endowments, remarkable energy, zest, and skill; he also has deficiencies that are equally undeniable. Had he either to a lesser degree the book would be more easily comprehensible; as it is, one finds it hard to explain his lavish gifts while remembering the absence, in this novel at least, of a fructifying intellect and precise discrimination. *All the King's Men*, though not at all experimental in style, is almost always rhetorically splendid and beautifully at ease in the realistic tradition. Unhappily, it is also frequently conventional in attitude, intellectually platitudinous, and frivolously melodramatic. Briefly it is the story of Willie Stark's rise to political power and the details conform more or less to the familiar materials of the Huey Long Legend—the impoverished backwoods youth, incredible vote-getting antics, fabulous spending, increasing egomania, and eventual assassination by an idealistic young doctor.

Willie Stark's career is seen and recorded by Jack Burden, an alienated aristocrat of a perceptive if unspectacular mind, a sensitive, reasonably normal young man limited by provincialism. The choice of Jack Burden as the interpretive personality reduces the entire novel. Though he has the willingness to embrace experience, the necessary lack of squeamishness, he is neither interesting nor creative enough to command and extend a book of this potential scope. Jack Burden's mind never surprises one in the right way, but always in the wrong way, inasmuch as he is constantly leading up to a banality with an eagerness that is unaccountable. His role and the nature of his comments uncomfortably remind one of the hard-boiled detectives in Hammett and Chandler. Like the detectives, he has more grace and detachment than the criminal (Willie Stark), but he is also aggressively "realistic" and quick to assume the criminal's methods and mentality. He can, with his easy virtue, get inside the criminal's mind and still, since he is not the source of evil actions, remain outside it. This position could be advantageous for Warren's purpose, but his book is infinitely more serious and ambitious than the detective stories and it is questionable

that Jack Burden, as a character, embodies this greater depth of intention. (Is it coincidence that instead of "the big sleep" and more recently "the big clock" Jack Burden sees life in terms of "the big twitch"?) To condemn Jack Burden and Warren for not taking a moralistic position toward Willie Stark and, by implication, Huey Long is pointless; one condemns the narrator instead for his lack of significance, narrow symbolic reference, and for irrelevance.

It is impossible to analyze *All the King's Men* as a political or philosophical novel about modern dictatorship, because the dramatic situation is not that of contemporary political life. Essentially it is again the conflict common to Southern fiction between the honorable, educated, and responsible inheritors of the Old South tradition (here represented by the Stanton family) and the traditionless, irresponsible New South of Willie Stark and the odious politicians who surround him. Willie Stark is not related to the economic or social forms of American life, nor to America's position in the world, nor to the political dynamic of the twentieth century. For the purposes of this novel, which is a character study of a shrewd and energetic man who cannot distinguish between ends and means, it is not necessary, since Warren sees his character in terms of a private, domestic drama, for Stark to have been in politics at all. And if it is fruitless to analyze *All the King's Men* in political or philosophical terms because of its lack of ingenuity in either direction, it is disastrous to approach it as a character novel since it is in the creation of character that the book is culpably unconvincing.

But to return to the happier side of the mystery: Warren's exuberant feeling for locale, the passages of lyric beauty, the relaxed and humorous dialogue. Perhaps it is just the abundance of good things and the unfulfilled promise they indicate that make *All the King's Men* a baffling disappointment.

Charles Jackson's new novel, *The Fall of Valor*, has very little literary interest, but it has a kind of sociological value in that it may very well be a model for those writers who want to make a taboo theme acceptable to a wide reading public. (Best sellers deal more and more with "courageous" themes, such as miscegenation, intolerance, perversion, etc., and these themes give them a self-righteous amateurishness that is far more irritating than the frank professionalism of the Fannie Hursts, *et al.* Increasingly one has the feeling that popular books are written with a desperate disregard for market values and even with a sacrificial determination to tell the truth in spite of all opposition. It seems possible to assume that the old formula writers knew in just what way they were toeing the popular line, but the new moneymaker evidently conforms in a state of complete innocence. Just when he most approaches the crudest demands of the reading public, one has the feeling he is most despondent and most certain of his daring. Our idea of the popular fic-

tion writer as a shrewd, mechanical, consciously venal literary worker should be discarded. What we are faced with are well-meaning authors who write as they please and who are probably genuinely surprised when the dollars roll in. Their surprise and its implications are much more distressing than the deliberate idealizations of the hacks who used to do this work for publishers.)

The theme of Charles Jackson's book is homosexuality. Its hero is a dignified, respectable professor, John Grandin, who after a long period of coolness toward his wife goes with her on a holiday in which they hope to recover their lost affection. However, instead of the anticipated reunion, the professor falls in love with an attractive, unsophisticated Marine captain, Cliff Hauman. At the end of the holiday the professor compulsively reveals himself to Cliff, gets beaten up, and faces the possibility of total disgrace. The problem from the commercial point of view, and there is no evidence in this book that Jackson has any gifts that would intrinsically alienate the public, is to make a hero of the professor. First there is the danger that, in the popular mind, the homosexual would be considered too sensual, erotic, and decadent to command sympathy. This is successfully avoided by the fact that Professor Grandin did not discover his abnormality until the age of forty-four, a happy condition which probably makes him a bit more pure and undemanding than the most prudish reader. In addition to his innocence, the professor is the very opposite of decadent; on the contrary he has been so ascetic and studious that his very goodness threatens to estrange the popular reader. Might not the heterosexual public think the professor is weak, effeminate, lacking in sex appeal and therefore unheroic? This possibility is obviated by the fact that the hero is the father of two sons and has a wife whose amorous interest in him is extremely resolute. Oddly enough the heterosexual scenes in the book, between husband and wife, are of such lusty, sonorous vulgarity that it is a relief to shift to the quieter, more romantic atmosphere of the homosexual theme . . . One could go on analyzing the way in which the trick has been turned in *The Fall of Valor*, the way in which this difficult subject has been made safe and easy. As a result the humiliating conflicts of the homosexual, his moral ambiguity and inevitable private equivocations have been stripped of their meaning.

Francois Mauriac's *Woman of the Pharisees* is an untrammelled, antediluvian novel written during the German occupation of France. One looks in vain for disguised comment upon the times in which it was composed, because the Germans have been accused of almost everything except the problem Mauriac treats: excessive piety. The central character in the novel is a woman too "good" to be Good, a formidable believer who takes upon herself a considerable portion of God's right to judge. This character is rather well known in American fiction because she is, in her religious individualism and emphasis upon the dictates of her

own conscience, essentially Protestant, though Mauriac sees her always in terms of Catholicism. The other important personality in the book is a young boy too "bad" to be Evil; he so scrupulously avoids both pietism and even the ordinary requirements of faith that we know, as is usually the case with religious novelists, that he will turn out to be acceptably devout. I am at a loss to understand the ease with which religious writers claim blasphemers for their own. They seem to arrive at this paradox by a kind of primitive psychology rather analogous to the assumption that the more arrogant a person appears the more likely he is to be suffering from feelings of inferiority. In a note on Rimbaud in *God and Mammon* Mauriac shows the same gift for legerdemain. After quoting Rimbaud as saying, "Happily this life is the only one . . ." he goes on to imply that Rimbaud not only had faith but faith of a rare sort.

About Gerard Hopkins' translation I am not equipped to comment except to say, and no doubt irrelevantly, that I felt a mind like Mauriac's would express itself in the language of this translation. The placid style, the occasionally tender wit, the general niceness of the writing, seem in harmony with the quality of the author's imagination and point of view.

Another Catholic writer, Georges Bernanos, has in his novel *Joy*, now appearing for the first time in English though written in 1929, attempted to create a character who experiences mystical rapture and an exceptional closeness with God. This is, I should imagine, the most tempting situation for the religious novelist and it is certainly the most difficult fictional undertaking. The orthodox mystical experience is so rare that the novelist cannot hope for recognition on the part of the reader; he can only hope for belief. He tries as an artist to create an alive literary character, but the experience of a mystic is in its very nature beyond ordinary human capacity and instead of character we get description of a state of mind. Bernanos has indeed made Mademoiselle Chantal, a young girl of profound sanctity, more interesting than most imaginary mystics simply by putting her in a middle-class environment. For instance, she likes to drive a car at great speed, has a natural aptitude for the pleasures of bourgeois living, for managing a rather luxurious household, and for surprising sympathies and enthusiasms. However, it is not the details of her personality or her place in society that Bernanos cares for. His attention is directed to the strange quality of her inner life, her achievement of absolute grace and purity, and these qualities can be conveyed only by statements and assertions which, though written with great delicacy, have very little novelistic power. The most intriguing aspect of the story is the fact that the girl's simplicity seems sinister to the other characters and in the end she is murdered by a household servant.

On the evidence of this novel I cannot agree with Rayner Heppinstall's statement in a recent issue of *PARTISAN REVIEW* that Bernanos is

"not uncongenial to an audience conditioned by the theories of Freud and his successors." Without at all taking a mechanical, psychoanalytic approach to character, it still seems to me that it is always psychology, in the broadest sense, that intimidates contemporary religious novelists. They remain, so far as I know, unable to unite the novelist's concern with motivation, his wish to establish a recognizable human personality, with the religious impulse in a pure and undivided state. I cannot see that Bernanos, in spite of his unusual talents, has had the slightest success in this respect.

To shift abruptly to secular matters, *The Big Clock* by Kenneth Fearing is a well-done book, though not, to my mind, worth doing. It is wittier and more accomplished than most thrillers, but it is still a thriller and makes use of all the privileges of the form—coincidence, suspense, boldness of action—without imposing upon itself any of the duties of serious fiction.

ELIZABETH HARDWICK

WOOFED WITH DREAMS

KRAZY KAT. By George Herriman. Henry Holt. \$3.75.

ON THE UNDERSIDE of our society, there are those who have no real stake at all in respectable culture. These are the open enemies of culture, despising indiscriminately a painting by Picasso and a painting by Maxfield Parrish, a novel by Kafka and a novel by A. J. Cronin, a poem by Yeats and a poem by Ella Wheeler Wilcox—these are readers of pulp magazines and comic books, potential book-burners, unhappy patrons of astrologers and communicants of lunatic sects, the hopelessly alienated and outclassed who can enjoy perhaps not even Andy Hardy but only Bela Lugosi, not even the *Reader's Digest* but only *True Detective*.

But their distance from the center gives them in the mass a degree of independence that the rest of us can approach only individually and by discipline. In the extremity of their alienation, they are ready to be assured and irresponsible, they are ready to say: Shoot the bankers, or Kill the Jews, or Let the Nazis come. They no longer care if the ship goes down, they go their own way. That is why an editorial in the *Daily News* is so much more interesting—and often so much nearer the truth—than an editorial in *PM*. *PM* has too many things to consider; only the *Daily News* can remain entirely reasonable and disinterested when it suggests that the human race is on the way to extinction.

When this *Lumpen* culture displays itself in mass art forms, it can

occasionally take on a certain purity and freshness that would almost surely be smothered higher up on the cultural scale. The quality of a Marx Brothers movie, for example, comes from an uncompromising nihilism that is particularly characteristic of the submerged and dispossessed; the Marx Brothers are *Lumpen*, they spit on culture, and they are popular among middle-class intellectuals because they express a blind and destructive disgust with society that the responsible man is compelled to suppress in himself.

In *Krazy Kat*, a very sweet-tempered fantasy, the gap between mass culture and respectable culture manifests itself not in an open rejection of society, but, more indirectly, in a complete disregard of the standards of respectable art. Working for an audience completely out of touch with the concerns of the serious-minded, George Herriman had the advantage that Lewis Carroll got by writing for children: so long as the internal patterns of his work—the personal and physical relationships of the characters—remained simple, he was fairly sure to please. Where no art is important, *Krazy Kat* is as real and important a work of art as any other—it is only supposed to divert its reader for two minutes at a time. (While the intellectuals had to “discover” *Krazy Kat*, the comic-strip audience just read it.)

Thus Herriman’s fantasy can be free and relaxed, it can go its own way. What came into his head went down on the paper. His language is built up of scraps of sound and meaning, all the echoes that his mind contained—Krazy talks an arbitrary dialect that has some connection with the speech of New York but is attributable in its finished form neither to foreignness nor to illiteracy but solely to the mind of its creator: “Et less my I’l korn butch yills a krop—now I will have korn bread, korn mill mutch, korn poems, korn plestas, korn kopias”; Offissa Pup tends to be highflown: “I mean none other than Ignatz Mouse—who makes evil the day by tossing bricks at that dear Kat.” While the characters stand still, a potted tree behind them becomes a distant plateau and then a house and then a tree again. The continual flux is never mentioned and has no meaning; it is just that Herriman felt no obligation either to keep the background still or to explain its mobility. This absolute fantasy sometimes becomes mechanical, but it is never heavy and it frequently achieves the fresh quality of pure play, freed from the necessity to be dignified or “significant” and not obviously concerned even with entertaining its audience.

This is the plot: Krazy, inoffensive creature of uncertain sex, loves Ignatz Mouse. Ignatz despises Krazy—for his inoffensiveness, for his impenetrable silliness, and for his unshakeable affection—and Ignatz (therefore?) devotes all his intelligence and energy to the single end of hitting Krazy on the head with bricks. He buys bricks from a brick-maker especially for this purpose; he conceals the bricks in innocent-looking packages or disguises them in innocent-looking shapes, he makes

appointments hours in advance so that Krazy will be in the right place at the right time to be hit by a brick. Somewhere in this single-minded effort there must be passion, but it is not apparent, it is all channeled constructively into planning and action: Ignatz's *métier* is to hit Krazy on the head with a brick. The overt passion is all on Krazy's side; he can never get used to the routine, but waits every moment like a bride for the expected ecstasy, the blow always new and always the same and wonderful, the recurrent climax and reward of love. "L'il dahlink," Krazy murmurs as the brick comes—ZIP through the air and POW when it hits—"l'il dahlink, is there anybody in this woil more constint than him?" Offissa Pup, the guardian of law, loves Krazy, with the gentle and protecting love of the practical man for the poet and dreamer—"Dear K," he says of Krazy, "his life is warped with fancy, woofed with dreams." Offissa Pup's occupation is to keep Ignatz from throwing the brick and to put him in jail when he has thrown it.

Offissa Pup is the sole authority in the universe and Ignatz the sole evildoer. Evil always triumphs—Ignatz always throws the brick; but authority always triumphs, too—Ignatz is always put in jail. Krazy lives happily between the two. It is a very nice universe for Krazy; if

PRESENTING

A KIERKEGAARD ANTHOLOGY

EDITED BY ROBERT BRETALL

Wit, eloquence, and extraordinary spiritual insight are the qualities that have given the Danish writer Kierkegaard his current spectacular influence in the English-speaking world. As *Time* said, "Had this philosopher and mystic not written in a minor language his fame would have resounded with that of Carlyle, Nietzsche, and Dostoevski.

About 640 pages

6 x 9 inches

\$5.00

At your bookstore

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY PRESS

there is an issue, Krazy does not understand it; he loves to be hit by the brick, but he respects Offissa Pup's motives.

One is tempted to read into this the meanings that one finds in the serious world of respectable culture. E. E. Cummings talks in his introduction about the opposition between the individual and society. But if Ignatz and Krazy are very good examples of individuals, Offissa Pup is not much of a society: his jail is always empty the next day. We do best, I think, to leave *Krazy Kat* alone. Good fantasy never has an easy and explicit relation to the real world. Even *Through the Looking-Glass* is weakest when Looking-Glass Land is *exactly* the opposite of the real world. The haphazard and irresponsible fancy of George Herriman was capable even of social comment, but it is not to be trusted with any systems. If Offissa Pup was society on Monday, that placed no restriction on his program for Tuesday. One thing remains the same: *Krazy Kat* is about a cat who gets hit on the head with bricks.

Krazy Kat is perhaps the best that the comic strip has produced. But it would be a mistake to think it a "higher" development of the comic strip. "Higher" development brings in the whole apparatus of respectable controls and produces *Joe Palooka* helping to sell the country on conscription, or the hygienic, progressive-school fantasy of *Barnaby*. "Higher" development makes *Krazy Kat* impossible. *Krazy Kat* is "pointless" and "silly," it comes from the peripheral world where the aims and pretensions of society are not regarded.

Something should be said also about the comic strip's dimension of time. *Krazy Kat* started before I was born, and it ended in 1944 only because Herriman died and the King Features Syndicate decided that there was no one who could continue his work. This was accidental; the usual practice is to appoint a successor to the dead artist—there is no internal reason why Orphan Annie, for instance, should not continue to face up to her troubles for ten million years. Thus the comic strip has no beginning and no end, only an eternal middle. It is an additional reality, running parallel with the *real* reality: for every day of one's own life, there is a day in the comic strip's life. This, too, is a characteristic of *Lumpen* culture: all gradations and distinctions are broken down, even the distinction between art and life. (The more realistic characters of the comic strips and the soap operas receive letters and gifts from their admirers.) A baseball game, an editorial, a comic strip, a kiss: all are *experiences*, varying in intensity but equally significant—for none is significant, and none has any meaningful connection with another. Almost every day for more than thirty years, Ignatz hit Krazy with a brick.

ROBERT WARSHOW

SHOLOM ALEICHEM AND HIS PEOPLE

THE OLD COUNTRY. *By Sholom Aleichem. Crown Publishers. \$3.*

FEW WRITERS have so completely captured the imagination of their people as has Sholom Aleichem that of the Jews. He is the property of the Jewish people as a whole, rather than a writer whom nationalistic intellectuals would like to elevate to a folk-hero. Even those Jews who border on illiteracy and read nothing but a few headlines in the Yiddish press are aware of him as a force in their tradition, a spokesman for their way.

Here surely is a problem to intrigue the contemporary writer who feels his sense of separation from the folk as one of his heaviest burdens. No writer in America has ever enjoyed the status that Sholom Aleichem does with the Jews. Mark Twain almost did and for a time became part of the national myth; but America's cultural heterogeneity was to make impossible the acceptance of any single writer as the folk-voice.

The Jewish experience of the past few centuries was centered in the Ghetto. Whether that Ghetto was bounded by walls of stone mattered little in the end, for there were walls nonetheless which made the

The advent of a brilliant novelist

All Thy Conquests

BY ALFRED HAYES

The first important novel to come out of the war that deals with the moral destruction of a nation, Mr. Hayes' remarkable story portrays a people caught in the agony of conquest, political chaos and starvation. Its background is Rome under the occupation — a Rome Baedeker never knew. \$2.75

HOWELL, SOSKIN, PUBLISHERS, INC.

17 EAST 45th STREET, NEW YORK 17

experience highly unified, singular and contiguous. The writer who approached this experience could look at it steadily, in developing perspective; it was certain and self-conscious; it was vital in the present and yet had connectives with the deep subterranean past; and, above all, it did not crumble into discrete parts in his hands as does the American experience.

When Sholom Aleichem wrote, however, the Ghetto was already in dissolution and his stories show it under assault by overwhelming alien pressures. And there was his crucial advantage: approaching the Ghetto in its last tremor of self-consciousness before dissolution, he was able to sum up, to view the Pale in its rise and fall, to apostrophize and yet soberly evaluate it.

Sholom Aleichem gave to the Jews what they instinctively felt was the right and true judgment of the experience in the Pale. He was their protector and advocate; he wrote with love and warmth of the communal tradition; he defended its ethos and constantly underlined its passionate urge to dignity. But he was its judge as well: he ridiculed its pretensions; he punctured its pride; and, as a highly conscious artist, he constantly reiterated the central dilemma, that simultaneous tragedy and joke, of its existence—its consummately ironic position of self-pride in clinging to the myth of the Chosen People, in fact the consummate irony of its existence at all.

Viewed retrospectively, it seems most unlikely that the Jews could have adopted as their culture-hero a writer who merely sang their glories or miseries. They were too conscious of their position in history and too aware that history itself was just a little ridiculous. And though they could not help being part of history, they were apart from it too. In such circumstances, irony was inescapable; it became their central attitude. As the Ghetto declined and lost its cohesiveness, irony began to replace faith, or, more accurately, irony became intermingled with faith to the point where in Sholom Aleichem's work no statement of faith is possible without irony and no statement of irony possible without faith.

Sholom Aleichem in his deceptively simple stories was able therefore—because of the ambivalence of his attitude—both to express and *heighten* the consciousness of his people. For if they loved him for bringing to sharp explicitness what they felt about themselves, they could never feel quite the same again after reading him. He expressed them and transformed them.

Though Sholom Aleichem's conscious purpose is not particularly to serve as a social analyst, the stories are so right in perception that the social relations of the Ghetto can be seen as a delicate skein just below the surface of the writing. Contrary to the retrospective idealization of the Ghetto, in which a number of recent reviewers of Sholom Aleichem have shared, it was not a flat social plane. To speak of classes within

it might be an exaggeration—for it existed peripherally in a primitive agricultural economy where Jews were seldom allowed to own land—but there certainly were very sharp and rigid caste differentiations in Jewish life. A careful reading of Sholom Aleichem reveals the extent of social snobbishness and caste pride in the Ghetto.

Sholom Aleichem also indicates the precarious position of the Ghetto in relation to the external world. Though the Jew may have gained a miserable sense of security in Ghetto isolation, he could never afford to forget that the enemy could always enter through the walls beyond which he himself could never escape. And even in some of the gay stories, by means of the deftest reference, Sholom Aleichem brings into focus the terror of pogroms from which the Ghetto was never free.

That in this unstable social setting, the Jew's relationship to God should be disturbed is not surprising. Sholom Aleichem's stories show the intimate kinship which even the most miserable Ghetto Jew established with his God: he felt secure in being closest to Him and therefore did not hesitate to complain to and about Him; he did not hesitate even to question His efficacy. No more telling example of Sholom Aleichem's dual approach to Jewish life can be cited than in Tevye's simultaneous sense of intimacy with God (based not on the traditional mystical intuition in which God is found within the self, but rather on a series of rationalistic assumptions from the premise of the Chosen People) and his reiterated rebellious question which his Almighty must surely have found difficult to answer, so reasonable was it: "Apparently if He wants it that way, that's the way it ought to be. Can't you see? If it should have been different it would have been. *And yet, what would have been wrong to have it different?*" [My emphasis.—I.H.]

It is not strange that Tevye should have chosen God as the object of his compressed rebelliousness. His social conditions were intolerable, but his social position made revolt impossible. What could the Ghetto do by itself? Later its youth was to play a tremendous role as a revolutionary leaven, but the older, ingrained types like Tevye knew that they were trapped. The social frustrations which they therefore accumulated led them to place responsibility on the Maker in the other world. Their inability to rebel in this world led them to the shocking act of rebelling, always with reverence and love, against the other.

Tevye is the embodiment of that crucial transitional generation which, since it could not find complete deliverance in the traditional God and had no use for any new beliefs, ended by celebrating its own uneasy earthly lot: poverty and hope. For if you had become skeptical of deliverance from above and never accepted the possibility of deliverance below, what could you do with poverty but celebrate it? This theme is constant in Sholom Aleichem's stories. "In Kasrilevka there are experienced authorities on the subject of hunger, one might say specialists. On the darkest night, simply by hearing your voice, they can

tell if you are simply hungry and would like a bite to eat, or if you are really starving."

Sholom Aleichem's stories are written in what might be called Basic Yiddish. He uses a sparse and remarkably controlled vocabulary; the suggestiveness of the colloquialisms, proverbs, and proverbs twisted with deliberate ironic intent is enriched by the several layers of meaning which the Yiddish reader finds in them. (It is this of course which makes the translation, skilled though it is, lose so much of the original flavor. To translate *zu schlimazl darf man auchet haben mazel* as *it takes a special kind of luck to be unlucky* is unavoidably to dehydrate the juices of the idiom.) Sholom Aleichem's imagery is in constant harmony with his thought: there is a noticeable lack of nature imagery, for nature seldom was within the Ghetto Jew's area of awareness. The imagery rather is based on an integral perception of the Ghetto life; describing the sadness heard in a wheezing old clock, Sholom Aleichem writes of it as "a sadness like that in the song of an old, worn-out cantor toward the end of the Day of Atonement. . . ."

Admirable spokesman for his people though he was, and suited as was his style to his purpose, Sholom Aleichem still leaves one with a certain sense of incompleteness. His stories frequently collapse at the end and he finds it necessary to introduce direct remarks as narrator, like a father who entrances a child with a fairy tale but upon finding himself unable to complete it informs the child that it is just . . . a fairy tale. I suspect that this difficulty may have been due to Sholom Aleichem's own awareness of his position of conscious artist in touch with the folk. There must have been occasions, as can be seen in the stories, when he was tempted to go beyond the bounds of his self-imposed limits, when he was tempted to develop deeper and more individualized character as well as more explicit tragedy. For irony too can become a rut, an attitude of relationship instead of a mode of perception.

As is evidenced in some recent reviews, it is a temptation for intellectuals who are keenly aware of the modern desolation to exaggerate the degree of spiritual integration of Sholom Aleichem's world. They have allowed their nostalgia to betray them into finding an occasion for it in Sholom Aleichem. But we have every reason to suspect the yearnings towards simplicity and central belief by contemporary intellectuals who really do not wish to surrender their complexity of vision. For Sholom Aleichem's world was in dissolution; it could not persist against the inroads of modern civilization and thought. It was a world of internal stratification, of terrible misery and deprivation which narrowed its members, even as it narrowed its artists, Sholom Aleichem included. To play Henry Adams to the Jewish Ghetto may be interesting for the gentile reviewer but is merely sad for the Jew.

We shall not see a Sholom Aleichem or his world again. The unique conjuncture of events in which he produced his art cannot in any sense be duplicated. It is of course a temptation to speculate on what Tevye would say of this modern world of ours. But then, as the incomparable Tevye would also say—of such things it is perhaps better not to speak at all.

IRVING HOWE

THE FIRST AND LAST QUESTION

EDUCATION FOR MODERN MAN. By Sidney Hook. Dial Press. \$2.75.

NOT ONLY is Sidney Hook a great teacher, but, as this book shows, he is not infatuated with his own powers to the familiar extreme where his own kind of teaching becomes the basis for a theory of education. The easy successes of the classroom which corrupt so many teachers have not made him forget that there are more serious and more difficult tasks than winning the adulation of students. Hence there is throughout this book a powerful critical sense about education, a free and self-scrutinizing intelligence rare in a profession that tempts human beings to be petty tyrants, epigrammatic or jocose Thespians, or pretentious egotists who identify mastery in the lecture hall or at the faculty meeting with genuine mastery of a subject.

It must be said, however, that Hook comes to the brink of the first question about education, its relationship to the society which has brought it into being, and then answers this question in a way which leaves the brink as dangerous as ever.

The question occurs in two forms. To those who say that good education can only exist in a good society, Hook's answer is that this results in "educational defeatism," since the conclusion is that "no change in education is possible without changing society." Furthermore, Hook maintains that although education cannot transform society, nonetheless in a democratic society "it can do much, for good or evil, in influencing social policy," chiefly by developing critical attitudes of thought and professing democratic ideals. But as an answer, this is merely exhortation, however wholesome.

The question occurs again when Hook declares that "the fundamental social problem of our culture—*fundamental in that it conditions a satisfactory solution of all other important problems* [my italics]—is to defend and extend our democratic heritage of rights and freedoms in a democratic society which can provide security for all." Here Hook shifts his attention to the problem of how a planned economy can be prevented from destroying political democracy. His answer is that courage and in-

telligence can bring about a planned economy which "operates under plural forms of participation and control." This is again merely pious hope; and it is as abstract as the dictum that what is necessary for education is a good theory of education and good teachers. Hook is precise, concrete, and illuminating when he deals with the problems of education as such. Here, where the problem is the very basis of education, his only answer is that we must move toward a democratic society which provides security for all; we must be intelligent, critical, and aware that our choices and our actions may or may not modify the social process. Undeniable as this recommendation is, it is also undeniable, as Hook himself says, that in 1929 "the permanent crisis of American economy began," which is to say that we remain faced with the irreducible fact that education cannot be separated from the economy which supports it: to preach democracy is not enough, although it is wrong not to preach democracy. All the invocations of democracy, scientific method, courage, and intelligence, all the piety and good will in the world, cannot get past that permanent crisis in which, as Hook shows, the actuality of education is involved. The extraordinary critical intelligence made manifest in this book exists in the shadow of that permanent crisis.

At the same time, it must be said that this is one of the most important books on education in recent years.

DELMORE SCHWARTZ

BAD THESIS, GOOD BOOK

THE POET IN THE THEATRE. By Ronald Peacock. Harcourt Brace. \$2.50.

IT SEEMS that Mr. Peacock has written this book largely to deplore the rise of naturalistic drama and to argue that the dramatic theory and practice of T. S. Eliot afford a basis for something superior. Although this thesis is widespread among literary people—something like it seems to be implied in *Understanding Drama* by Cleanth Brooks and Robert Heilman, for instance—it has never before been so boldly and explicitly championed. Mr. Peacock really tries to make us feel more confidence in *Murder in the Cathedral*, *The Family Reunion*, and (!) *The Trial of a Judge*, "the three important English tragedies of the last twenty years," than we do in Ibsen, Chekhov, Strindberg, Shaw, Schnitzler, Wedekind, Hauptmann, Gorky, and Becque. Of course one might say that the naturalistic drama was all right in its way but that now it is finished and must give place to poetic drama. That is roughly what John Palmer said thirty years ago in his *The Future of the Theatre*. But it is not what Mr. Peacock says. He finds naturalism bad in itself. In the naturalistic

school he complains of "absence of style," "low ideals of form," "too little imaginative creation." He seems to assume that, while prose dramatists are on the whole mediocre, verse dramatists are on the whole imaginative. Yet, outside Yeats, Hofmannsthal, and "the three important English tragedies" he does not name any good modern plays in verse. As for the enemy, Schnitzler, Wedekind, Hauptmann, Gorky, and Becque are ignored. Strindberg is brushed off as a mere pathologist. Ibsen and Shaw are discussed so briefly that the effect is of dismissal rather than argument. Even Synge, who opposed the naturalists as eagerly as Mr. Peacock himself, is found "singularly unhelpful."

As far as its thesis goes, *The Poet in the Theatre* is but another wistful plea for poetic drama, which, like its predecessors, vastly underates the achievements of naturalism and makes too much of the distinction between verse and prose. Luckily Mr. Peacock is bigger than his thesis. Sometimes he seems even to rebel against it; at least he inserts modifiers which practically cancel the main proposition—as when he admits that it is unfair to discuss only the unfortunate after-effects of Ibsenism without doing justice to the real genius of Ibsen. And Mr. Peacock has more sympathy for Shaw than Mr. Eliot's theory allows. He almost manages to make a loophole for Shaw by claiming that though naturalism ruins tragedy it can be adapted to the purposes of comedy. But the thesis intervenes and we are told that Shaw's "plays do not live as plays beyond the fall of the curtain." Which is simply not true. Perhaps it is not surprising that the champion of poetic drama should find much to say for Chekhov. The chapter on him is very good. But, ridden by his thesis, Mr. Peacock cannot allow himself to find Chekhov's plays satisfying. For all their fineness of fiber, he thinks them eccentric and structureless. Which is simply not so.

Mr. Peacock has too big a mind to stay always in the theater. He is at his best discussing the dominance of fiction in modern times and telling how modern poets and novelists have used dramatic patterns in their nondramatic forms. One is bound to agree with him that the novelists have done much more with modern psychological knowledge and awareness than the playwrights have; it may also be true that our sense of history is, as he maintains, unfavorable to dramatic art. What one regrets is that all Mr. Peacock's discussions are so brief. Since his book was written precisely to elaborate the cryptic hints and *aperçus* of Mr. Eliot he should have done so much more fully. All too often he has only added his own cryptic hints and *aperçus*.

Overlooking such a desperately sketchy chapter as that on tragedy and comedy, which is as full of acute critical observations as it is empty of historical imagination, let us take up the general problem, which is

seldom out of Mr. Peacock's mind, of the distinction between Drama and Theater.

In our time the argument for Theater against Drama (or Literature or Poetry) has usually been an argument for philistinism against art. In America it is an argument that has taken schools and departments of drama by storm with the result that the noncommercial theater, established a generation ago largely by artistic people, has gone to pieces. Those who regret all this tend to be tricked by their opponents into arguing for Drama (or Literature or Poetry) against Theater as such, instead of against vulgar theatricality. Mr. Peacock is not *completely* tricked in this way. He realizes that plays which are "not theater" to the philistines may yet be superb theater to other people. He contributes the best essay to date on Eliot as a dramatist—that is, as one writing for the specific conditions of a theater. Yet Mr. Peacock's commitment on the antiphilistine side does seem to make him lean to the nontheatrical (as not long ago, perhaps, it led Mr. Francis Fergusson to overrate Joyce's *Exiles*). The pages on Henry James as a dramatic *novelist* read like a sigh of relief after the pages on the problems of the playwright. One feels that Mr. Peacock sympathizes with James's cry: "I *may* be made for the Drama (God only knows!) but I am not made for the theater!" He is willing to dwell on plays in which, as he puts it, "the poet flies too much in the face of the spoken form." Goethe's *Tasso* and *Iphigenie* he calls "royal dispensations to the theater . . . scarcely its own fruits," and one wonders if this phrase does not also apply to some of the plays of Grillparzer and Hebbel, Yeats and Hofmannsthal. Mr. Peacock did well to bring these great artists back into dramatic criticism, but he does not push his analysis far enough. He praises Grillparzer and debunks Hebbel with a brilliance that, in its extreme brevity, is merely tantalizing. He has no comment to make on Yeats' chronic fear of theatrical conditions. His otherwise admirable introduction to Hofmannsthal's theater—so much more to the point than the German commentaries—is too brief for a single mention of such major works as *Oedipus und die Sphinx* or *Der Turm*.

Nonetheless, though the thesis of *The Poet in the Theatre* is modish rather than true, though the book is less a book than a sheaf of well-written notes, I must end with congratulations. Mr. Peacock is a professor, and professors are doing more harm to the theater than anyone else not actually paid to do so. He is a professor of German, and professors of German—it is axiomatic—are not interested in literature. Yet he has written one of the few thoughtful books, one of the few books on an adult level, about the problem of literature and the theater. It should be given to all young enthusiasts before the drama schools get them.

ERIC BENTLEY

ART NOTES

CEZANNE'S COMPOSITION. By Erle Loran. University of California Press. \$6.50.

THE ARTS. *Number One*. Edited by Desmond Shawe-Taylor. Lund Humphries & Co. \$3.00.

THE DRAWINGS OF HENRY MOORE. *Curt Valentin*. \$8.50.

THIS IS the second edition of Erle Loran's book, which appeared in 1943. A rereading confirms its importance as a precise and closely knit analysis of the visual structure and spatial organization of the first of the "modern" painters. Since so much of the contemporary concept of what constitutes a well-built picture stems eventually from Cézanne's practice, Loran's point-by-point dissection of individual paintings is also basic for later work. As he himself says, this is neither criticism in the ordinary sense, nor historical definition, but visual demonstration. Its force lies in the exact definition of the terms employed, and their consistent application throughout. One need not agree with the analysis of every painting, nor with Loran's implication that successful construction will necessarily continue in the direction Cézanne began, to appreciate the clarity and perception with which Loran forces us to follow Cézanne's language of visual form.

The Arts is a new English quarterly of elegant format, fine printing, and superb reproductions, with articles on painting, sculpture, architecture, film, and opera. Its point of view is that of the now well-established avant-garde group of Moore, Piper, Sutherland, *et al.*, but its interests go far afield. As the prospectus says, it proposes to keep the balance between "past and present, tradition and experiment, scholarly dissertation and imaginative criticism." Some of the articles are excellent (notably the more scholarly), some are painful (prose-poems on painting are permissible only in a Baudelaire). In other words this is a large, expensive, de luxe publication of good taste, aimed at a "cultivated" international audience, with the limits upon daring and intensity inherent in such a program. Can the fire ever heat so many irons?

The dominance of painting over sculpture in the present century makes it hard for a sculptor to produce drawings. His whole aesthetic is quite naturally so pictorially biased that his drawings tend to become finished works in themselves. It is perhaps for this reason that in this portfolio of thirty drawings by the English sculptor Henry Moore (a comparatively recent discovery in this country, a fine artist in a notoriously difficult field), my preference goes to two extremes; on the one hand those which, like the Shelter drawings made during the war, are frankly graphic essays done with no thought of sculpture, and on the other those which, in any technical sense, are the most unfinished

studies. The former have directness of psychological grasp, and unity of graphic rhythm. They are a sculptor's drawings only in a remote sense, as Maillol's woodcuts are the work of a sculptor, and though one may trace the connection it is nowhere obtrusive. The latter have the character of exploration, the suggestion of tentative, emerging form, and the unfolding of the artist's purpose that refers us to the finished work. Since the modern aesthetic demands respect of the flat picture surface they may even be unsatisfactory as drawings (*i. e.*, as painter's drawings), provided there is enough presence of the final three-dimensional vision. (In a parallel way this is true of Rodin's drawings.) Thus one could wish that some of this handsome collection were a bit less handsome, less finished, less perfect. Moore himself has said that he is more interested in power of expression than in beauty of expression. The best of these drawings are those in which that power, to be expressed in the sculpture, is the most suggested.

ROBERT GOLDWATER

BOOKS RECEIVED

- David Abrahamson, *THE MIND AND DEATH OF A GENIUS*. Columbia, \$3.00
 Swami Akhilananda, *HINDU PSYCHOLOGY*. Harper, \$2.50
 Wayne Andrews, *BATTLE FOR CHICAGO*. Harcourt Brace, \$3.75
 Hilaire Belloc, *THE SERVILE STATE*. Henry Holt, \$2.50.
 Isabel Bolton, *DO I WAKE OR SLEEP?* Scribner's, \$2.50
 Ernst Cassirer, *THE MYTH OF THE STATE*. Yale, \$3.75.
 Bella Chagall, *BURNING LIGHTS*. Schocken, \$2.00
 Robert M. Coates, *THE BITTER SEASON*. Harcourt Brace, \$2.50
 Jack Dunphy, *JOHN FURY*. Harpers, \$2.50
 James Feibleman, *THE THEORY OF HUMAN CULTURE*. Duell, Sloan & Pearce, \$5.00
 Abraham Flexner, *DANIEL COIT GILMAN*. Harcourt Brace, \$2.00
 Angel Flores, ed. *THE KAFKA PROBLEM*. New Directions, \$5.00
 Wallace Fowlie, *RIMBAUD*. New Directions, \$2.50
 Waldo Frank, *ISLAND IN THE ATLANTIC*. Duell, Sloan & Pearce, \$2.00
 Rumer Godden, *THE RIVER*. Little Brown, \$2.00
 Robert Graves, *KING JESUS*. Creative Age, \$3.00
 Horace Gregory and Marya Zaturenska, *A HISTORY OF AMERICAN POETRY, 1900-1940*. Harcourt Brace, \$4.00
 H. D., *THE FLOWERING OF THE ROD*. Oxford, \$2.00
 George Wylie Henderson, *JULE*. Creative Age, \$2.50
 Ludwig Holberg, *FOUR PLAYS*. Tr. by Henry Alexander. Princeton, \$2.50
 Henry James, *THE AMERICAN SCENE*. Scribner's, \$5.00
 Franz Kafka, *THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA*. Schocken, \$3.00
 Franz Kafka, *METAMORPHOSIS*. Vanguard, \$2.75

- Adrienne Koch and William Peden, eds., *SELECTED WRITINGS OF JOHN AND JOHN QUINCEY ADAMS*. Knopf, \$4.50
- Robert Lowell, *LORD WEARY'S CASTLE*. Harcourt Brace, \$2.50
- Robert Lowry, *CASUALTY*. New Directions, \$2.00
- Curzio Malaparte, *KAPUTT*. Dutton, \$3.75.
- J. P. Marquand, *B. F.'s DAUGHTER*. Little Brown, \$2.75
- Edward Newhouse, *THE IRON CHAIN*. Harcourt Brace, \$2.50
- Harold Nicolson, *THE CONGRESS OF VIENNA*. Harcourt Brace, \$4.00
- Clarence P. Oberndorf, *THE PSYCHIATRIC NOVELS OF OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES*. Columbia, \$3.00
- Petrarch, *SONNETS AND SONGS*. Tr. by Anna Maria Armi. Pantheon, \$3.50
- Kerker Quinn and Charles Shattuck, eds., *ACCENT ANTHOLOGY*. Harcourt Brace, \$4.00
- Philip Rahv, ed. *THE SHORT NOVELS OF TOLSTOY*. Dial Press, \$4.00
- Theodore Reik, *RITUAL: PSYCHOANALYTIC STUDIES*. Farrar Strauss, \$5.00
- John Rewald, *THE HISTORY OF IMPRESSIONISM*. Museum of Modern Art and Simon & Schuster, \$10.00
- Mark Van Doren, *THE NOBLE VOICE*. Henry Holt, \$3.00
- Carl Van Vechten, ed., *SELECTED WRITINGS OF GERTRUDE STEIN*. Random House, \$3.50
- E. B. White, *THE WILD FLAG*. Houghton Mifflin, \$2.00
- E. L. Woodward, *SHORT JOURNEY*. Oxford, \$3.00

A SPECIALIZED BOOKSHOP

OFFERING A SELECTED STOCK OF NEW & USED BOOKS

Theatre—Dance—Screen—Music—Criticism—"Little Mags"

ANAIIS NIN

Until now, Anais Nin's work has been known only in Paris and in privately printed editions in America. She has been accorded unusual praise by such literary figures as Rebecca West, Kay Boyle, Edmund Wilson and William Carlos Williams. Rebecca West has hailed Miss Nin as: "A real and unmistakable genius."

Ladders to Fire brings out with startling honesty the frustrations and ecstasies of today's incomplete woman as she whirls toward self-destruction. \$2.75

LADDERS TO FIRE

by the author of *Under a Glass Bell*, etc. With engravings by Ian Hugo.

LAWRENCE R. MAXWELL

45 Christopher Street
New York 14, N. Y.

WAtkins 9-3494
Open 2 - 10 Daily

Variety

The "Liberal" Fifth Column: A Discussion

We are printing below a rejoinder by Heinz Eulau to the editorial in our Summer 1946 issue, together with several letters on the subject, and a reply by the editors.

IN PUBLISHING their ill-tempered editorial, "The 'Liberal' Fifth Column" (Summer 1946), the editors of *PARTISAN REVIEW* have done themselves an injustice because they have lost an opportunity. If it was their intention to come to grips with the present dilemma of American liberals vis-à-vis the reality of Sovietism, they utterly failed. This is the more deplorable as the effort at a critique of American liberals attempted in the editorial was worth undertaking, and because the editorial contained some valid censures.

The reason for this failure, I believe, lay in the editorial's exclusive emphasis on the problem of the liberal attitude toward Russia. This, I will undoubtedly be told, was its purpose. But it would have been justified only if the editorial had concerned itself solely with substantive charges instead of also seeking to discover motivations for the liberal position. However, this position cannot be appraised satisfactorily within the narrow limits

set in the editorial. Had it discussed present-day liberal attitudes generally, it would not have found it impossible to see any consistent principle behind the liberal approach to Russia except the potential advantage or disadvantage of the Soviet Union.

The editorial touched a desirable explanation when it pointed out that the liberals have never committed themselves to socialism against capitalism, or to capitalism against socialism. But this line of reasoning was dropped, and the editorial reverted to the rather tiresome, because repetitive, harping on the theme of "fifth columnism."

For some reason, which I do not quite understand, the editorial saw in the liberal demand for the internationalization of atomic energy control—and this they want rather than that "the secret should be given immediately to Russia"—it saw in this demand the "first clear-cut indication that a new standard of judgment for all political and social questions had been found." Now, I am sure, the editors of *PARTISAN REVIEW* do not really believe *this*—even if they believe Victor Kravchenko that "the Russian employees in the Soviet Embassy at Washington were allowed to read, of American publications, only *The Daily Worker*, *PM*, *The Nation* and *The New*

Republic." Certainly, the friendly attitude of the liberals toward Russia is older than the Bomb. The charge that the liberals suddenly became "Russian patriots" can readily be thrown where it belongs—in the garbage can of political slogans.

More interesting, on the other hand, was the intimation that Stalin may go too far, forcing the liberals to pull in their horns, and that they are already giving signs of pulling back. In spite of *PARTISAN REVIEW*'s warning that all that is needed to reverse this trend are a few benevolent remarks about peace and the UN from Stalin, it may be appropriate in this connection to call attention to another editorial, entitled "To the 'Neutral' Liberals," in the June-July, 1946, issue of *The Protestant*. *PARTISAN REVIEW* charged the liberals with saying that "in American hands the atomic bomb constituted a threat to the peace of the world, but of course, if Russia had possession of it, the world could rest secure." *The Protestant*, on the other hand, discovered that "the attitude of some liberals toward this war is tragic. Apparently these liberals would prefer atomic war to the spread of communism beyond the borders of the Soviet Union." And it accused the liberals of preparing "to support the war against the Soviet Union."

I don't quite know what variety of liberals the two journals are talking about, whether with or without quotation marks. But I have a hunch that it is the same species. In any case, I would not bring

up the editorial in *The Protestant* if it had not dealt, like that of *PARTISAN REVIEW*, with political motivations. *PARTISAN REVIEW*, as a matter of fact, had sanctified its vitriolics with the strange axiom that "political positions are weighed by objective consequences and not by subjective intentions." The editorial surely proved it. If intentions, even though they are good, are obviated by "objective consequences," it is indeed unnecessary to examine or at least present truthfully "subjective intentions."

Falsification of "subjective intentions" can only result in the most bizarre interpretation of "objective consequences." This the juxtaposition of the *PARTISAN REVIEW* and *The Protestant* editorials with their diametrically opposed conclusions as to "objective consequences"—"appeasement" in the former, "war against the Soviet Union" in the latter—amply demonstrates. But is it not actual behavior, and not arbitrarily discovered "objective consequences," which is the socially effective and decisive reality in political life? This, I think, was partly, if inadvertently, recognized in *PARTISAN REVIEW*'s statement that the liberals are neither fish nor fowl as far as the issue of capitalism vs. socialism is concerned. It may explain the liberal attitude toward Soviet Russia.

Liberal behavior toward Russia is essentially ambivalent. Because they are not socialists, the liberals can look upon certain features of Soviet reality rather uncritically. Their lack of proper socialist standards of judgment—mistaking, for

instance, a nationalized economy for socialism in spite of its being controlled by a bureaucratic elite—permits the liberals to think of Russia as a socialist state. Hence their hope for the eventual liberalization of the Soviet regime (in addition to their incurable optimism which stems from their failure to break with the notion of continual progress).

On the other hand, their devotion to democratic and liberal values—"subjective intentions"—makes them critical of the illiberal and undemocratic features of the Soviet regime. *PARTISAN REVIEW* is blatantly unfair in omitting this side of the liberal ambivalence. It is this omission of not seeing the liberal as ambivalent, but selecting only one side of his ambivalence, that leads to such distorted inferences as presented in *PARTISAN REVIEW* and *The Protestant*. The former, in its admitted hatred of Stalinism, cannot conceive of any manifestation of friendliness toward Soviet Russia, however reluctant, but as "fifth column" activity. The latter, manifestly Stalinist, cannot bear any criticism, however well justified, without noting a plot against Russia. Neither journal can quite grasp what makes the liberals tick.

The major political disease of the liberal in recent times is the lack of a self-critical attitude as well as the lack of functioning as a critic in general. Liberals could speak of the Roosevelt administration and of the Stalinist regime as the two great centers of dynamic energy because they were essentially

uncritical. As a matter of fact, it has become quite fashionable for liberals to pride themselves on being different from the liberal of the twenties who, as one spokesman said, "was more likely to be a critic than a man of action," and who—it was rather gracelessly put—"was brought up in a world where other people did things and he sat back and complained about them." As a result of this professed abdication of the critical function, the liberals found it difficult to resist the bandwagon mentality which first developed with the New Deal and later crystallized in their uncritical support of the policies of the Anglo-American-Russian coalition. Loyalty to the White House meant, in line with the Roosevelt program, getting on with the Kremlin.

When the liberals uncritically accepted the anomalous decisions made at Teheran and Yalta, they invited the anomalous situation in which they now find themselves. Their lack of critical imagination can only have the effect of keeping them in a continual state of surprise. They are surprised when Stalin suddenly blames the war on capitalism, and they are surprised when "Big Three Unity" turns out to be a myth. A further result of the abdication of the critical function is the opportune feeling that the latest is the best. And from this concession to complacency it is only a small step to the equally convenient belief that present trends will continue indefinitely into the future.

I believe that the friendliness of

American liberals toward Russia during the war, and even now, stems primarily from their uncritical worship at the shrine of political power—the fictitious power of “Big Three Unity,” for instance, and not, as *PARTISAN REVIEW* suggested, from subservience to the whims and wishes of the Kremlin. Had the liberals been less enthusiastic about Teheran and Yalta, they would not have had to face their present dilemma of having to defend an untenable position.

Finally, it is the shock of disillusionment, I believe, rather than *PARTISAN REVIEW*’s impugned “fifth columnism” on behalf of Russia, that is largely responsible for the liberal attacks on the State Department, the domestic war party, and British imperialism. I do not have the slightest doubt that the liberals will also resume attacks on Russia (as during the Nazi-Soviet Pact period). For they are now pinning their hopes on the workability of the United Nations which, I think, is anything but a “front organization” of Stalin, as *PARTISAN REVIEW* put it. It is so clearly an institutionalization of the contemporary complex of international power politics that sooner or later the liberals alone will find themselves in the unenviable spot of being the sole defenders of its nobler objectives.

HEINZ EULAU

Four Letters

Sirs:

I want to congratulate you on your Summer issue. The editorial and the article by Philip Rahv are alone worth much more than a year’s subscription. It is a pleasure to have plain speaking beautifully phrased.

Yours truly,

JOHN DEWEY

New York City.



Sirs:

Your lead article in the Summer 1946 issue is a sharp condemnation of recent Soviet expansionist policy as well as a splendid analysis and criticism of the allegedly liberal journals and politicians whose behavior rightly calls forth your label “The ‘Liberal’ Fifth Column.” But the editorial goes further than that; it hints at a political alternative to the policy of appeasement in such a faint-hearted way as to make this reader believe that the editors are afraid to face squarely the logical conclusion of their own position.

For example: you thunder against Soviet aggression protected by its veto powers. Would you have Uncle Sam step into the European political vacuum, instead of Uncle Joe, and seek protection by the use of the veto? Again, you say we ought not to sacrifice the security of Russia’s neighbors, but you do not tell your readers how this is to be done. You maintain that every argument the “liberals” use “to justify intervention in Spain is a valid argument for intervention

in Russia." True enough, but an investigation of Russia by an international commission would not get anywhere and P.R. knows this. (I recognize of course that it is legitimate to demand it, nevertheless.) After asserting that war is an unreal issue being manufactured by Russia's friends you go on to say: "If Stalin believed that war were an issue now, he would very quickly change from lion to lamb and pull back from his aggressions." Are we then to assume that you desire the State Department or our military to threaten war to make him withdraw? Instead of recommending a forthright policy, the editorial merely raises the following rhetorical question: "If war is that inevitable, does it not become a man's duty to cry stinking fish and face up to the inevitability?" From which point you go on to argue that if war is not inevitable then the only way to avoid it is to stop licking Stalin's boots. That is not enough. What policy should be substituted for the boot-licking one?

Your position resembles somewhat that of William C. Bullitt in his recent book, *The Great Globe Itself*. He opposes appeasement and rejects war "with absolute finality" but desires that this government warn Moscow that new Soviet aggression will be met by American action. Now it seems to me that this is the kind of double talk to be expected from a former ambassador. The language of diplomacy has always required a translator. Is the same true of political analysis by literary critics?

If we have learned, as the editors say, that appeasement is not the way to stop aggression, then perhaps it is equally true that we should have learned that war is also not the answer to the European problem. However, if your thinking leads you to conclude that Stalin's aggressions cannot be stopped by appeasing his insatiable appetite and that war is the only alternative, then stop beating around the bush and say so. It is ill becoming for the editors of the best left-wing literary journal in the country to talk war in parables of peace.

Sincerely,

JULES KOLODNY

Brooklyn, N. Y.

•

Sirs:

I have just read your editorial entitled "The 'Liberal' Fifth Column" and I welcome it most enthusiastically. I wish that it could be given universal distribution.

As a veteran of five and a half years of war who returned to a changed America, I wish to state that I have never seen the case against our native Fifth Columnists put more succinctly. There is the choice between the United States and Russia, and for an American there is indeed no middle way.

Very sincerely,

HOWARD HUNT

Albany, N. Y.

•

Sirs:

As an old friend and well-wisher of the PARTISAN REVIEW, and a reader whose opinion in the present case is apparently shared by many

others with whom he has talked recently, I must express my disappointment at your long-winded and rambling editorial in the Summer 1946 number. Partisanship is often a virtue indeed, especially if it upholds a case with generosity, convincingness, and originality, incisive and not too pompous or too self-righteous style.

But I cannot help feeling that, independently from any discussion of the present Russian policy and of Stalin's dictatorship, your editorial fell far below the standard of reasoning and of writing that we have come lately to associate with the *PARTISAN REVIEW*. I am also afraid it can only play into

THE TRUTH ABOUT YUGOSLAVIA!

ALLY BETRAYED

By **DAVID MARTIN**

Introduction by **Rebecca West**

● Here are the uncensored **FACTS** about Tito and Mihailovich—startling evidence behind Yugoslavia's political belligerence. Rebecca West says: "Told with commendable courage... David Martin has scrupulously followed fact. I can vouch for that."

Prattice Hall

Illustrated
\$3.50 at your bookstore

ALBERT SCHWEITZER: CHRISTIAN REVOLUTIONARY

By **George Seaver**. A critical and appreciative account of Schweitzer's ethical, social and political thought, which cuts through the paradoxes and achievements of his outer life. "It is a stimulating commentary on Schweitzer's attitude toward and views on modern civilization with special reference to the ethical problem. It enables us to get a glimpse of the more obscure alcoves of the magnificent Schweitzer edifice."—**A. R. ROBACK**, editor of *The Albert Schweitzer Jubilee Book*. \$2.00

JOURNAL FROM MY CELL

By **Roland DePury**. These leaves from the journal of a Swiss pastor imprisoned by the Gestapo at Fort Monluc in occupied France belong to that body of literature of captivity represented by such writings as *De Profundis*. They record the terror of loneliness and loss, the desperate struggle for identification and sanity, but they also reflect the cravings for spiritual release and restoration universal in such circumstance. With an introduction by **Paul Geren**, author of *Burma Diary*. \$1.50

at your bookseller
HARPER & BROTHERS
49 E. 33rd St., New York 16

MODERN MUSIC

A Quarterly Review

"I subscribe to **MODERN MUSIC**, read every issue and find it fascinating. It is one of the best edited and most readable reviews now being published in English in any field of the arts."—**EDMUND WILSON**

IN THE CURRENT ISSUE:

SCHOENBERG—Music Appreciation

LEDERMAN—The Little Magazines

GERSCHEFSKI—Henry Cowell

THE FAMOUS COLUMNS on new Scores & Records, Film, Theatre, Dance, Radio, The Torrid Zone

Published by:

THE LEAGUE OF COMPOSERS

Price: **75c** a copy **\$3.00** a year
130 W. 56th St. New York 19, N. Y.

the hands of reactionaries. Constructive suggestions as to what policy liberals might adopt on Spain, Greece, Trieste, the Ruhr, Germany, the atomic bomb, and how to win Russian co-operation if possible, would be more truly worthy of a courageous and truly independent review.

Sincerely yours,

HENRI PEYRE

New Haven, Conn.



The Politics of Illusion

THE EDITORS bow to Professor Dewey's kind compliment, and hope it is not discourteous to cite the opinion of America's leading philosopher as our answer to the first part of Mr. Peyre's accusation.

With all due respect, Mr. Peyre strikes us as having missed the whole point of our editorial, which aimed—nothing more, nothing less—to demonstrate that the current attitude toward Russia of a good many liberals is confused, illogical, and deceitful. Mr. Peyre's list of other subjects we might have discussed instead of the one that we were discussing—Spain, Greece, Trieste, the Ruhr, Germany, the atomic bomb, etc.—seems to have lacked only mention of Palestine in order to be a pretty complete agenda of all political problems currently troubling the world. Evidently, politics is the one field where people still expect you to say everything about everything at once. (But not the only field, unfortunately, where people think they can say anything about any-

thing—and get away with it.)

However, one remark by Mr. Peyre does come within the territory covered by the editorial. When he says that he is afraid the editorial, "can only play into the hands of reactionaries," he is falling right into that abject mode of thought which the editorial *did* attempt to castigate: precisely the line followed by *PM* as a camouflage for its Stalinist propaganda. Presumably, Mr. Peyre must have ceased condemning Hitler when the NAM began to condemn him. It is about time we learned that political wisdom is reached through the analysis of an objective situation and not by mechanically negating any and every position of certain designated figures, Luce, McCormick, or whom have you; which is, after all, only an inverted way of having Luce, *et al.*, do your thinking for you.

In general, the reactions to the editorial all fall into one or another recognizable position, and perhaps we may deal better with the above correspondence, and with Mr. Eulau's contribution, not by going from point to point in each, but by taking up the possible positions that have by this time come into public view on the subject with which the editorial dealt.

Three definite positions on the present situation with regard to Russia have appeared on the Left: (1) The position of the Trotskyites, or that of "the third camp"; (2) The pacifists, quietists; the fugitives from politics; Dwight Macdonald may be taken as the most

OXFORD BOOKS

THE JEWISH PROBLEM in the MODERN WORLD

by James Parkes

A well-balanced and authoritative survey of historical and geographic backgrounds from ancient to modern times, including an appraisal of the crucial problem of Palestine.—*Home University Library.* \$1.25

THE EVOLUTION OF MODERN LATIN AMERICA

by R. A. Humphreys

The social, economic and political developments of the Latin American nations from their independence to the present, including their relationships with Europe and the United States. 13 full-page maps. \$3.00

SHORT JOURNEY

by E. L. Woodward

This splendid book is far more than the autobiography of one of England's greatest historians; it is also a portrait of an era, the record of a finely critical spirit constantly exploring and challenging the ideas and hopes of today. \$3.00

A CRITICAL HISTORY OF ENGLISH POETRY

by Sir Herbert Grierson and J. C. Smith

Two great scholars examine and appraise 1200 years of English poetry with a view to furthering sounder appreciation of the virtue of poetry. \$5.00

1848: THE REVOLUTION OF THE INTELLECTUALS

by L. B. Namier

A highly stimulating inquiry into the intellectual background of the stirring events of 1848, with particular reference to Central and Eastern Europe. Full documentation from primary source materials in Slavic tongues makes this book of special value to scholars. \$2.50

At all bookstores, or from

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

114 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 11



vocal representative of this sect; (3) And, finally, the position of the liberals, to which Mr. Eulau's rebuttal gives a rather rambling expression. Our criticisms of each of these may serve to define more clearly the position which was implicit in our editorial.

*The Trotskyites: The Eternal
Third Camp*

The Trotskyites, let us begin by paying them that compliment, are entirely logical—unfortunately, it is the logic of lunacy, a logical structure which does not correspond at any point with reality as we know it from the disasters of the last decades.

If you believe, as the Trotskyites still do, that the masses are at present capable of overthrowing both capitalism and Stalinism, then it is entirely logical for you to declare a “plague on both their houses” and attack both democratic capitalism and totalitarian Stalinism as equivalent evils. The obvious facts, however, are that the masses have nowhere shown themselves capable of overthrowing a modern dictatorship, with its developed police systems and its highly refined instruments of suppression, and that, moreover, the masses—in America and even more in Europe—have shown but little capacity for distinguishing between Stalinism and socialism. And even if by some miracle the old order could now be completely destroyed, there still remains one of the basic questions of our period: what reason is there to believe that the new society will not repeat the pattern of Stalinism by creating a new

ruling elite and a new form of oppression? Not only have the Trotskyites failed to present a single scrap of evidence—or theory—to show that the masses are able to accomplish *their own revolution* and retain control of it, but they do not even seem to be interested in the question.

All the Trotskyites have to offer is a monotonous repetition of Lenin's precepts, which came out of an earlier and totally different historical situation, and which they now flaunt as some kind of “revolutionary purity.” Hence the contemptuous reference we hear once again from that quarter to “the choice of the lesser evil.” By this verbal sleight of hand they surreptitiously place democratic capitalism and Stalinist totalitarianism on the same plane, as if the evils of the two systems were really comparable, when in fact no comparison is possible. Between the two there is the incommensurability of life and death: the difference between life with all its continuing, that is to say, historical, evils, but still with some possibility of deliverance, and the final and annihilating rigidity of death.

These epigones who invoke the name of Trotsky so often and with such awe would do well to ponder the fact that, shortly before his murder, Trotsky declared that if the Second World War passed without bringing about a general socialist revolution then the whole Marxist scheme would have to be recast from the bottom up. And he added that some program of minimum demands would have to be

November Old Master Drawings
December Kurt Seligmann

•
DURLACHER BROS.
R. Kirk Askew, Jr.
11 East 57th Street New York

Louis Schanker
Oil Paintings
November 5 - 30
•
Richard Pousette-Dart
Forms in Brass
December 3 - 28
WILLARD GALLERY
32 E. 57 New York 22

KLEEMANN
november
oils by
johannes schiefer
.....
december
modern french
65 EAST 57 ST. NEW YORK

MODERN PAINTINGS

HOFMANN OWENS
LAZZARI REINHARDT
MARGO ROTHKO
MURCH STAMOS
NEWMAN STILL

Northwest Coast Indian Art
Pre-Columbian Mexican Art

BETTY PARSONS GALLERY
15 East 57th St., New York, N. Y.

NEW PAINTINGS FROM EUROPE

by
• **Brauner** •
Delvaux • **Leonid**

JULIEN LEVY GALLERY
42 East 57th Street New York

MODERN PAINTINGS

PIERRE MATISSE GALLERY

41 e. 57 st.

new york

made the basis for socialist activity. It is time that the Trotskyites and all those they have infected with the disease of "Marxist" orthodoxy stop intoning the ritualistic phrases of 1917.

The Fugitives from Politics:
Dwight Macdonald

Another source of criticism of our editorial is *Politics*, the organ of Dwight Macdonald. A magazine review in a recent issue of *Politics*, accused our editorial statement of "Stalinophobia" and of being so *impure* as to weigh the differences and the contradictions between democratic capitalism and Stalinism.

In the face of such criticism one can only throw up one's hands and wonder whether it was dictated by sheer naïveté, or polemical considerations, or both. Every politically conscious person recognizes that Stalinism is the central political question today and the principal threat to all socialist and democratic activity—hence, by definition, all such people are guilty of Stalinophobia, just as Lenin was guilty of Czarophobia, and every anti-fascist of Hitlerophobia. As for the question of purity, Macdonald has simply taken the Trotskyite anti-both-camps position and put a religious veil on it—but we shall return to this theme later, for it contains the essence of Macdonald's latest idea.

In Macdonald's behalf, we can say that, as against the Trotskyites, he at least has two points of contact with reality in holding: (1) that the masses are not revolu-

tionary in the sense that they can be counted on at present to rise up of themselves and overthrow both capitalist and totalitarian oppressors; and (2) that Stalinist Russia is a new class society with a peculiar dynamism of its own which makes it an expanding threat to the whole world.

The inevitable and overwhelming question to which these conclusions (with which we agree) immediately lead, is: What, then, in going to stop Stalinism? But it is precisely at this point that Macdonald flaps his wings and soars to an empyrean of moral rectitude and passivity, transcending the up- roars and skirmishes of the political arena. For, according to Macdonald, democratic capitalism is equally evil and must not under any condition be given an iota of support. In short, the answer to Stalinism is moral uplift.

But if you turn your back so airily on politics, politics does not at all turn its back on you. Since Macdonald has dismissed every possible political opposition to Stalinism, what his position comes down to—in objective terms—is a com-

THE HUNDRED AUTHORS BOOK SHOP

SPECIALISTS IN MODERN
BRITISH AND AMERICAN
LITERATURE

Your Wants Solicited
MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY
FILLED

1254 Amsterdam Ave. New York 27, N. Y.

VARIETY

plete surrender to Stalin. With a truly oriental passivity, Yogi Macdonald prostrates himself beneath the wheels of the advancing juggernaut.

Macdonald's notions about politics are advanced, to be sure, under the banner of "morality." Actually, however, they are neither political nor moral, being rather a peculiar hodgepodge of both, with a little pacifism, anarchism, and home-grown philosophy and psychology thrown in. For one thing, we fail to see how an attitude of abstention from the crucial political issues confronting us can be regarded as moral, or how it is more moral to be indifferent to the rising tide of Stalinist totalitarianism than actively to combat it by every available means. On the contrary, the



H. G. WELLS— Prophet of the Atomic Bomb

Read his latest book:

"CRUX ANSATA—An Indictment of the Roman Catholic Church." An historical summary of the Catholic Church's political intrigues leading to its tie-up with the Nazi-Fascist-Shinto Axis. Cloth Binding \$1.75

Also get a copy of "BEHIND THE DICTATORS" by L. H. Lehmann. A fully documented analysis of Vatican-Fascist collaboration. Cloth Binding \$1.75.

COMBINATION OFFER: Both Cloth Bound Books \$3.00

New Pamphlet
"VATICAN POLICY
IN THE SECOND WORLD WAR"
48 pages of Documented Facts 25c
Free to those who return this ad with their
order for the above books

Order From:

AGORA PUBLISHING CO.

Dept. N 67 PF

229 WEST 48TH ST. NEW YORK 19



A New Novel by a Modern Writer of Stature

Isabella brought to Ferdinand a love that shook her and shocked her, a realm greater than his own, and a political ambition which finally robbed them of their happiness and their children. But together they molded Spain and made the whole world the arena of their struggle for power.

Hermann Kesten, in this powerful novel, makes an age of royal intrigue and burning religious fanaticism real and immediate. In the pages of this rich and colorful story Torquemada emerges as flesh and blood; Columbus discloses to his royal patrons his world-shaking discoveries. Mr. Kesten bares Isabella's heart, imparts to his readers the drama of her life—from her fantastic youth, to her blood-stained triumph, to her desolate death.

FERDINAND and ISABELLA glows with the color and the throbbing excitement of the age it recalls. It has the stature of the two sovereigns it brings back to life.

Ferdinand and Isabella

A Novel by
HERMANN KESTEN

author of *The Twins of Nuremberg*, *Copernicus and His World*, etc. \$3.00

available at all bookstores

A. A. WYN • INC. N. Y.

test of morality has always been the concern over and the willingness to assume responsibility for the immediate fate of humanity. Macdonald's "morality" is simply a misnomer, being little more than a cover for a flight from politics.

Besides, as suggested before, Macdonald's moral postures rest on some of the assumptions of the Trotskyites. For in refusing to make a distinction between democratic capitalism and Stalinism he is merely echoing the Trotskyite idea that both are equally vicious and must be overthrown by the "third camp." But since Macdonald no longer believes in the "third camp," he must immediately somersault out of politics into morality, and try to prove that his partial—and inconsistent—Trotskyite position is somehow at the same time a product of the eternal and absolute laws of morality, whatever they may be.

The Liberals: the "Mediators"

Mr. Eulau skitters about so much from point to point, like a young foal turned out to pasture, that it is sometimes hard to know whether he is defending the liberals or proving that they are much worse than we said they were. But he does seem to put his finger on what is perhaps the central confusion of the liberal consciousness when he remarks that the American liberals conceive of their role as one of mediating between capitalism and socialism. The trouble with any such attempted "mediation" is that it gives away the game at the start when it agrees that Russia is socialist. Do the liberals really

want to mediate between capitalism and state serfdom, which is the true description of Russian society? The heart of the liberal confusion has always been that they have never once paused to ask what kind of a regime it is that now exists in Russia. They admit from time to time that political liberties are not all they should be in Russia, but always as if this were a superficial and passing blemish that would inevitably disappear with time. But the absence of political liberties follows inexorably from the central fact about the Russian state—namely, that it is the most complete and ruthless dictatorship in history, which has moreover shown itself now to be greedy for new conquests and expansions. Mediation between a monolithic dictatorship and a democratic regime can only mean in fact a complete submission to the former.

It is hard to tell what Mr. Eulau hopes to prove by his reference to *The Protestant*, and to the fact that the liberals are often attacked in Stalinist publications. Obviously, the Stalinists, with their usual habits of monolithic assent and no disagreement, want the liberals to be 100 per cent for Stalin, and attack them for being only 80 or 90 per cent for him. But would the liberals ever have considered it a serious defense of any fascist to say he was only 80 or 90 per cent for Hitler?

The above criticism of the various positions on Stalinism now circulating among the Left ought to

Portrait of the Anti-Semite

By JEAN-PAUL SARTRE

Complete text now available in pamphlet form

Portrait of the Anti-Semite is a brilliant analysis of the complex modern problem of anti-Semitism in its moral and psychological aspects. It presents a new and arresting concept of prejudice as more than local, more than specifically directed; as a "global attitude" toward history and society in general. M. Sartre speaks with authority and clarity worthy of his position as an outstanding figure of the French literary world.

When this remarkable essay appeared in an abridged version in the Spring, 1946, issue of PR, it aroused so much interested comment that we are now making the complete text available as a 32-page pamphlet, with an attractive colored cover, suitable for a permanent place in your library.

PR readers will want to own this essay in its complete form, as translated by Mary Guggenheim, which is longer by one-third than the original version in the magazine.

Forty cents a copy

.....
PARTISAN REVIEW, 45 Astor Place, New York City 3

Please send me copies of PORTRAIT OF THE ANTI-
SEMITE. I enclose

Name

Address

City Zone State

answer most of the questions raised by our correspondence, including many of the letters we have not had space to print, but the point about war in Mr. Kolodny's letter seems to demand separate notice, for in some sense it is a question common to all the foregoing positions. Though we thought the editorial made sufficiently clear why war was not a political issue now, and wonder where Mr. Kolodny *appears* to have found the doubletalk, nevertheless we are glad of this opportunity of further clarifying our position.

In the first place, it has got to be dinned into liberal heads that it was Stalin himself who called the turn at the end of the war, and gave the signal for the onslaught against the Western democracies. The war ended with the greatest good will toward Russia on the part of the capitalist powers, and it has taken a year of continual aggressions on the part of Stalin to mobilize capitalist opinion against him. (In fact, he won a good many of his early advantages because the capitalist powers were still deep in the slumber of wartime amity toward Russia.) Stalin could have obtained—if he chose to be friendly—all the security he wanted, but instead he decided to follow another path. We have, therefore, every reason to believe that it will be Stalin who will call the turn if it comes to war, and no matter how many concessions America makes to him, he will choose his own moment for the military, as he has for the

diplomatic, onslaught—if in the future war should turn out to be his program. That is why we insisted that appeasement could not possibly avert war.

When we asserted in the editorial that war was not an issue *now*, our principal point was to warn against using the war issue as a camouflage for Stalinist propaganda. We would agree, however, with the implication of Mr. Kolodny's letter that the possibility of war cannot be completely dismissed by making this point, valid though it be. Every serious political program of opposition to Russia must take into account the possibility of eventual war between America and Russia. If Mr. Kolodny wants to know whether we will support America in a war with Russia, we can only say now that that will depend on the existing situation when and if war comes. But we do have *now* this principle to offer the Left: that we propose to support the American policy of resistance to Stalinism so long as this policy meets the test of genuinely liberal and democratic standards or serves to promote a democratic

judith ROTHSCHILD

paintings

JOSEPH LUYBER
GALLERIES

TO
NOV.
16th

Hotel Brevoort • 8th St. & 5th Ave.

cause, and where, as in Greece and Spain, it fails to meet this test, we oppose it.

This approach rests on the belief that the Western democratic powers are today the only major force capable of curbing the aggressions of Stalinism, and that as against this new system of totalitarianism based on a slave economy, democratic capitalism represents at the present historic moment a higher form of political, economic, and cultural organization. The truth is that the countries of democratic capitalism are now the only places in the world where we can speak of civil liberties, intellectual freedom, and the possibilities of human advance.

GBM Currents Autumn-Winter

Listing the cream of the crop of Moderns in Literature and Art. A rich harvest from which to select holiday gifts.

All books reviewed in this issue and all other important titles are in stock.

GOTHAM BOOK MART
41 West 47th St., N. Y. C. 19

H. E. BRIGGS

Books 'n Things

73 - 4th Ave., N. Y. C. 3

FEATURES

Poetry - Criticism - Art - Drama
Cinema - Dance - Select Fiction
"LITTLE MAGS"

Current out of print

XMAS SUGGESTIONS

Great Wall of China—	
Franz Kafka	\$3.00
Metamorphosis—	
Franz Kafka	2.75
The Kafka Problem (Anthology of criticism)...	5.00
A Kafka Miscellany	3.50
A Little Yes and a Big No (autobiography of George Grosz)	7.50
Picasso—Fifty Years of His Art	6.00
Selected Writings of Gertrude Stein	3.50
The Well Wrought Urn— Cleanth Brooks	3.50
The Forging of a Rebel— Arturo Barea	5.00
Baudelaire—Intimate Journ- als (Trans. C. Isherwood)	3.00
"Four Quartets" Rehearsed —Preston	1.00
Lord Weary's Castle— Robert Lowell	2.50
A Kierkegaard Anthology— Robert Bretall (ed.)	5.00
The Selected Writings of Dylan Thomas	3.50

write or visit us GR. 5-8746

Books of all publishers

This does not mean that the independent Left must cease its struggle against capitalism; all it means is that under the present circumstances no effective resistance to Stalinism is possible if we refuse to take advantage of the contradiction between Russia and the Western powers.

We are aware of the difficulties and dangers of this position—what position is free of them? We are certainly aware, too, that our *motives* and *interests* are in no sense identical with those of capitalism. But such difficulties and dangers are a part of the present socialist situation—a situation brought

about by a succession of disastrous defeats. A positive socialist perspective is inconceivable apart from the struggle to preserve the liberties still existing in the Western world. The struggle for such liberties is in no sense contrary to the continuing tradition of socialist thought—it happens only to differ from the Leninist program of 1914.

In this reply to the criticism of our editorial, our position has necessarily been rather schematically stated. We plan, however, to develop it more fully in future issues of PARTISAN REVIEW.

THE EDITORS

west fourth street

cornelia street

avenue of the americas

macdougall street

*anatole broyard
arthur burwell
18 cornelia street
2-11 pm ch 3-8430
out-of-print books*

"...no other writer of his age . . . carries so continually, inevitably and naturally the mark of greatness." Edwin Muir

FRANZ KAFKA

The Great Wall of China

A work of his last years, this volume of stories and reflections "gives a more clear and general notion of Kafka's intentions as an artist and thinker than any of his other works." **\$3.00**

With 36 drawings by Marc Chagall

BELLA CHAGALL

Burning Lights

Bella Chagall's book recreates her childhood in the now-vanished Jewry of eastern Europe, the same world that inspired the magic art of her husband, Marc Chagall. There, the candles of Sabbath Eve lit a full life of the heart. With new drawings by Chagall. **\$3.00**

At your bookseller • Write for catalog to

SCHOCKEN BOOKS, 342 Madison Ave., N. Y. 17

for Christmas **A SPECIAL GIFT OFFER**

*Three gift subscriptions to PARTISAN REVIEW,
plus a copy of the PARTISAN READER,
all for ten dollars.*

Give three one-year subscriptions to PR (regular price, \$3 each) and receive (or send as a gift) a copy of the PARTISAN READER, a 700-page anthology of ten years of PR (regular price, \$3.75), all for \$10, a net saving of \$2.75.

● If you already own the PARTISAN READER, you may give three one-year subscriptions, without the READER, at the reduced rate of \$7.50, or two for \$5.50.

● If you wish to give four or more gift subscriptions, each gift after the third will cost you only \$2.

● If you wish to renew your own subscription, you may do so under this special offer. A single subscription to PR costs \$3 a year.

Check boxes beside names if you want a gift card sent at Christmas. Add 60c for each foreign or Canadian subscription. Subscriptions will begin with the Winter 1947 issue unless otherwise indicated.

PARTISAN REVIEW, 45 Astor Place, New York City 3

Enclosed find:

☐ \$10, for which please send the PARTISAN READER to:

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY ZONE STATE

and send one year of PR to the people listed below.

☐ \$7.50, ☐ \$5.50, ☐, for which please send one year of PR to the people listed below.

☐ NAME

ADDRESS

CITY ZONE STATE

☐ NAME

ADDRESS

CITY ZONE STATE

☐ NAME

ADDRESS

CITY ZONE STATE

DONOR'S NAME

INDEX TO VOLUME XIII (1946)

	Issue	Page
ANTHONY, GEORGE—Widow (poem)	1	82
ARENDT, HANNAH—What Is Existenz Philosophy?	1	34
ARVIN, NEWTON		
<i>Dickens, Dali, and Others</i> —George Orwell (BR)	4	500
BARRETT, WILLIAM		
<i>Art and Social Nature</i> —Paul Goodman (BR)	3	393
Pilgrim to Philistia	1	126
Reflections on Returning from Italy	1	57
The Resistance (BR)	4	479
Talent and Career of Jean-Paul Sartre (BR)	2	237
BAUDELAIRE, CHARLES— <i>Madame Bovary</i>	5	568
BENTLEY, ERIC		
<i>The Poet in the Theatre</i> —Ronald Peacock (BR)	5	596
BERRYMAN, JOHN—Three Songs (poems)	3	347
BLACKMUR, R. P.—Man and Boy: The Cracking Glass (poem)	4	446
BLIN, GEORGES—The Gash	2	230
BURNHAM, JAMES		
<i>A History of Western Philosophy</i> —Bertrand Russell (BR)	1	105
CAMUS, ALBERT		
Sisyphus	2	188
Hope and the Absurd in the Work of Franz Kafka	2	191
CHAR, RENE—Louis Curel de la Sorgue (poem)	2	212
CHASE, RICHARD—Notes on the Study of Myth	3	338
COCTEAU, JEAN—Paul Valery	1	124
DALLIN, DAVID J.—Stalin the Infallible	1	130
DE BEAUVOIR, SIMONE—Pyrrhus and Cyneas	3	330
DEMING, BARBARA—Film Chronicle	1	95
DUPEE, F. W.—An International Episode	2	259
DU PIN, PATRICE DE LA TOUR—Legend (poem)	2	211
DURRELL, LAWRENCE—Two Poems	5	562
EDITORS, THE		
The "Liberal" Fifth Column	3	279
The Politics of Illusion	5	608
EULAU, HEINZ—The "Liberal" Fifth Column: A Reply	5	602
FITTS, DUDLEY—Poetry Chronicle (BR)	1	113
FRENAUD, ANDRE		
Da-Sein (poem)	2	210
Hatefully My Love Poetry (poem)	2	210
GENET, JEAN		
Funeral Rites (story)	2	155
Hunger (story)	2	160
GOLDWATER, ROBERT—Art Notes (BR)	5	599
GRACQ, JULIEN—Ross Barrier (poem)	2	207
GREENBERG, CLEMENT		
<i>Les Sandales d'Empedocle</i> —Claude-Edmonde Magny (BR)	2	251
<i>Thieves in the Night</i> —Arthur Koestler (BR)	5	580
GREENBERG, MARTIN		
<i>Aragon, Poet of the French Resistance</i> (BR)	2	255
HAGEN, PAUL		
<i>Germany Is Our Problem</i> —Henry Morgenthau, Jr. (BR)	1	110
HARDWICK, ELIZABETH		
Fiction Chronicle (BR)	3	384
Fiction Chronicle (BR)	5	583
<i>The Memoirs of a Shy Pornographer</i> —Kenneth Patchen (BR)	1	108
The Temptations of Dr. Hoffmann (story)	4	405
HARRIGAN, ANTHONY		
The Lesson for Today Is a Chapter Entitled Night (poem)	4	446
HEALY, J. V.—The Cricket (poem)	1	80
HEPPENSTALL, RAYNER—Bernanos: The Priest as Scapegoat	4	448

	Issue	Page
HERZOG, PAUL—Cholm: Heaps of Skulls	5	533
HOSKINS, KATHERINE		
<i>L'Etranger</i> —Albert Camus (BR)	1	121
HOWE, IRVING		
<i>The Old Country</i> —Sholom Aleichem (BR)	5	591
JARRELL, RANDALL		
The Dead (poem)	3	349
The Lines (poem)	1	67
The Poet and His Public (BR)	4	488
KAFKA, FRANZ—From Franz Kafka's Diary	3	353
KAPLAN, H. J.—Paris Letter	1	68
KAZIN, ALFRED		
<i>Memoirs of Hecate County</i> —Edmund Wilson (BR)	3	375
KIESLER, FREDERICK J.—Art and Architecture	1	98
LAURENZI, CARLO—Arcadia in Italy	4	505
LEIRIS, MICHEL—Age of Hearts (poem)	2	212
LOWELL, ROBERT		
Four Poems	1	75
War (poem)	4	447
MCCARTHY, MARY—Theater Chronicle	5	577
MAGNY, CLAUDE-EDMONDE—French Literature Since 1940	2	145
MALRAUX, ANDRE—The Prison (story)	2	179
MARKFIELD, WALLACE—Notes on the Working Day (story)	4	460
MAYHALL, JANE—Miami Beach (poem)	1	81
MERLEAU-PONTY, MAURICE—Cezanne's Doubt	4	464
MICHAUX, HENRI		
And More Changes Still (poem)	2	213
Revelations (poem)	5	567
MILLS, C. WRIGHT—The Competitive Personality	4	433
OLSON, CHARLES—This Is Yeats Speaking	1	139
ORWELL, GEORGE—London Letter	3	320
PAULHAN, JEAN—Modern Painting and the Ill-Kept Secret	2	234
PERSE, ST.-J.—Berceuse (poem)	4	442
PHILLIPS, WILLIAM—Dostoevsky's Underground Man	5	551
QUENEAU, RAYMOND—Explanation of Metaphors (poem)	2	208
RAHV, PHILIP		
Concerning Tolstoy	4	420
<i>Stalin</i> —Leon Trotsky (BR)	3	365
ROSENFELD, ISAAC		
<i>The Air-Conditioned Nightmare</i> —Henry Miller (BR)	3	380
SARTRE, JEAN-PAUL		
Portrait of the Anti-Semite	2	163
The Provincial Portrait Gallery (story)	2	215
The Root of the Chestnut Tree (story)	1	25
SCHWARTZ, DELMORE		
Film Chronicle	3	351
The Meaningfulness of Absurdity (BR)	2	246
<i>Education for Modern Man</i> —Sidney Hook (BR)	5	595
SHAPIRO, KARL—The Conscientious Objector (poem)	3	348
SPENDER, STEPHEN		
German Impressions and Conversations	1	5
The Making of a Poem	3	294
SPIELBERGER, CHARLES—The Lake (story)	3	309
STAFFORD, JEAN—The Interior Castle (story)	5	519
SYMPHER, WYLIE—Connoisseur in Chaos: Wallace Stevens	1	83
TUCCI, NICCOLO—Excellency	1	129
VALERY, PAUL—The Temptation of (Saint) Flaubert	2	201
VAN DOREN, MARK—The Stranger's Tale (poem)	5	564
WARSHOW, ROBERT		
<i>Krazy Kat</i> —George Herriman (BR)	5	587
WEISS, T.—Headdress (poem)	5	565

The Short Stories of Dostoevsky

With an introduction

By WILLIAM PHILLIPS

When THE SHORT NOVELS OF DOSTOEVSKY was published in the Permanent Library last November, it was acclaimed by critics as the most important anthology of the year. Now, in this new volume, the short stories of the great Russian master of fiction have been collected for the first time.

Characteristically "Dostoevskian" in subject and psychological intensity, these stories reveal the full range of Dostoevsky's narrative genius. They also throw considerable light on such of his longer works as THE BROTHERS KARAMAZOV and CRIME AND PUNISHMENT. Translated by Constance Garnett.

THE SEVENTEEN SHORT STORIES

MR. PROHARTCHIN

A NOVEL IN NINE LETTERS

THE LANDLADY

POLZUNKOV

A FAINT HEART

ANOTHER MAN'S WIFE

AN HONEST THIEF

A CHRISTMAS TREE & A WEDDING

WHITE NIGHTS

A LITTLE HERO

AN UNPLEASANT PREDICAMENT

THE CROCODILE

BOBOK

THE PEASANT MAREY

THE HEAVENLY CHRISTMAS

TREE

A GENTLE SPIRIT

THE DREAM OF A RIDICULOUS MAN

A Permanent Library Book

640 pages, \$4.00

The Short Novels of Tolstoy

Edited with an introduction

By PHILIP RAHV

Tolstoy's immense reputation in the English-speaking world is based on only three works: WAR AND PEACE, RESURRECTION and ANNA KARENINA. But, great as those novels are, they are only a portion of Tolstoy's prodigious output.

Philip Rahv, whose anthology THE GREAT SHORT NOVELS OF HENRY JAMES, published in 1944, was a forerunner of the Jamesian revival, has in this volume collected the finest of Tolstoy's short novels. The novels chosen not only come up to the highest level of Tolstoy's art, but they also fully document his spiritual growth and development. Translated by Aylmer Maude.

THE EIGHT COMPLETE NOVELS

TWO HUSSARS

FAMILY HAPPINESS

THE COSSACKS: A TALE OF 1852

POLIKUSHKA

THE DEATH OF IVAN ILYCH

THE DEVIL

MASTER AND MAN

HADJI MURAD

A Permanent Library Book

736 pages, \$4.00

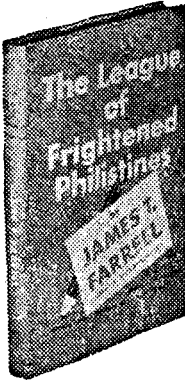
THE DIAL PRESS, NEW YORK



the Progressive Book Club

Permanent Books in a Changing World

THE LEAGUE OF FRIGHTENED PHILISTINES



by
James T. Farrell

This is a collection of some of the best critical essays of Mr. Farrell.

The first section of the book is devoted to literary criticism. There are important re-evaluations of James Joyce, Hemingway, Dreiser, Ring Lardner, Dostoevsky, Mark Twain, Chekov and others. The second section is devoted to popular culture and includes essays on: "Language of Hollywood," "How Studs Lonigan Was Written," "Literature and Ideology" and "Nonsense and the Short Story."

Only \$2.00 Post Paid

**PLUS A FREE BOOK
FOR JOINING NOW**

THE PROGRESSIVE BOOK
CLUB, Inc.
4250 Broadway, New York 33, N. Y.

Our Program

- To make available to the independent reader good editions of the best books at low cost.
- To give members free book dividends—one upon joining and one with every two selections accepted thereafter.
- To create an organized market for the independent writer.

Your Choice Free

DANGLING MAN by Saul Bellow—a psychological novel about a young man during an interim period.

BLOOD FOR A STRANGER by Randall Jarrell—an important collection of Randall Jarrell's poetry.

HORIZON STORIES edited by Cyril Connolly—an excellent collection of English short stories.

FALLING THROUGH SPACE by Richard Hillary—the book Arthur Koestler called "the best of a generation."

"P. R."

I wish to become a member of The Progressive Book Club. I may take as few as four monthly selections during the year. I am enclosing \$2.00 for my first selection, *The League of Frightened Philistines*.

CHECK FREE BOOK

- ☐ Dangling Man
☐ Blood For a Stranger
☐ Horizon Stories
☐ Falling Through Space

Name

PLEASE PRINT

Address

City Zone State

Third Large Printing

A Little Treasury of Modern Poetry

Edited, with an Introduction, by

OSCAR WILLIAMS

"An excellent job, and though naturally there are inclusions and exclusions which any other critic might query, *the total effect is not only completely representative but brilliantly selected.*"—Herbert Read.

"A rewarding selection of Twentieth Century Poetry . . . this volume pleases both hand and eye. . . . *A Little Treasury* performs with particular distinction what is perhaps the chief function of an anthology which is not a textbook, and that is to bring together little-known poems of high quality which the ordinary cultivated reader would not otherwise come upon."—*New York Times Book Review.*

With 64 Portrait Photographs of the Poets

Handsome, two-tone buckram binding; gilt top,
reading ribbon, 672 pages

At all bookstores, \$2.75

CHARLES SCRIBNERS SONS • NEW YORK

Living Philosophy

PROBLEMS OF MEN

John Dewey

"In stature John Dewey towers above the surrounding intellectual landscape. And this work is one more evidence of this preeminence."—*Saturday Review of Literature*.

\$5.00

THE CREATIVE MIND

Henri Bergson

"This last will and testament of Henri Bergson will be a most welcome introduction to a fascinating and elusive realm of thought."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune*.

\$3.75

POLITICS AND MORALS

Benedetto Croce

"Signor Croce is a great witness to our moral drama in the present political arena. He is a witness who deserves honor, attention and respect, and his book is significant."

—*The New York Times*.

\$3.00

PERPLEXITIES AND PARADOXES

Miguel Unamuno

"An excellent addition to a man's library, be it that he wishes to read for pleasure and amusement or be it that he wishes to run smack up against some vital thought, and do some real thinking on his own account."

—*The Chicago Review, University of Chicago*.

\$2.50

SPINOZA

PORTRAIT OF A SPIRITUAL HERO

Rudolf Kayser . . . Preface by Albert Einstein

"A book that is much needed in our time. It will bring comfort and gladness to its readers and will inspire them to a new belief in mankind."—*Sholem Asch*.

\$3.75

20TH CENTURY PHILOSOPHY

Dagobert D. Runes, Editor

An overall survey of contemporary philosophy, with contributions by Bertrand Russell, George Santayana, Alfred North Whitehead, John Dewey, et al.

\$5.00

SOVIET PHILOSOPHY

John Somerville

"Dr. Somerville's book is a vitally needed examination of the foundations of a new way of life, a new world, now of deep significance to the Anglo-Saxon communities."

—*Sir Bernard Pares*.

\$3.75

DICTIONARY OF PHILOSOPHY

Dagobert D. Runes, Editor

"The astounding element about it is its compactness into a handy volume, all-embracing in content, clear in exposition and earmarked by a correctness that is inescapable."

—*James F. Carroll, Dean, Duquesne University*.

\$6.00

At your Bookstore, or use order coupon:



LIMITED
EDITIONS
ORDER
NOW!

PHILOSOPHICAL LIBRARY, Publishers

The Philosophical Library, Dept. 97,
15 East 40th St., New York 16, N. Y.

Please send me _____ copies of (write in margin):

at \$ _____

Enclosed are \$ _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____